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NO. I.

Tennyson's Idyls of the King.

I.

THE Arthurian legends on which the Idyls of the King are based, have been compared to the beautiful princess in the familiar story, The Sleeping Beauty, who lay in her castle for a hundred years until the "fated fairy prince" should come and awaken her. To extend the comparison, Tennyson was that prince, who doing what so many others had thought of, but had never attempted, cut through the shrubs and trees all around the castle and wakened everything therein to life, beauty and action.

To study the sources of the legends, we must go back to the beginning of the sixth century. There lived then a bard and prophet named Myrdhinn, who cherished the hope that his king and friend, Aurelianus, would return after death to restore peace and prosperity to the Celts, then driven into Wales by Saxons. With this king, Aurelianus, was confounded his son and valiant successor, Arthur Myrdhinn's pupil. But all of Myrdhinn's hopes were shattered by the bloody battle of Arderidd, where Celts fought Celts, destroying their own race to the advantage of the Saxons. After the final defeat of the Celts, they still held to every tradition which could in any way ease their disappointment or foster their pride, and Myrdhinn's prophecy of a great king who would arise "like the dawn from his mysterious retreat" was one of the chief of these traditions. The historical account of this time gives that Vortigern, chief of the Celts, summoned

to his aid in fighting the Picts and Scots, Hengist, a leader of the Saxons. The latter conquered not only the Picts and Scots but the Celts themselves, and a line of Saxon kings was established, from whom Queen Victoria can trace her descent. But the Celts could not bring themselves to admit their humiliation, and in their stories and songs substituted for real history the prophecies of Myrdhinn concerning Arthur. The bard himself retained an important position in the story as the wizard, Merlin—the Latinized form of the name Myrdhinn as these legends grew into a fiction, if not stranger at least more agreeable than truth, the character of the real Arthur was made more beautiful and noble by being invested with the virtues of various other Welsh heroes. He was surrounded by Knights who were to imitate his virtues, to honor King and conscience, to lead pure lives, to redress wrong and to love faithfully one maiden only.

Some of the Britons emigrating to Armorica or Brittany in north-western France, carried these stories with them and the poetic and imaginative Armoricans were much delighted by them. They became popular at once and were related from house to house by story-tellers, who supplied in France the place of the minstrels or gleemen in England and the rhapsodists of the ancient Greeks. The people having ceased to believe in the stories concerning Charlemagne, these British legends were substituted and had become so popular at the time of the Norman invasion of England in 1066, that they were carried by them back into that country. Marie, daughter of Louis VII. and Elinor, and Countess of Champagne, when living in England at the court of Henry II., employed Chrestien de Troyes to compile and revise these legends. This he did, surrounding Arthur with knights and chivalric barons. His most successful poems were Lancelot, Tristan, and Perceval, and the story of the latter's search for the Holy Graal was introduced into the series by de Troyes. His whole poem which was partially completed after his death by two minor poets, consisted of sixty-three thousand lines. The real importance of his work lies in the fact that it represents the social, moral and political ideal of his time and that it exercised a great influence on the life of that and the following age, as well as on all succeeding literature. Back to these romances we can trace some of the noblest of the aims and ideals of the Middle

Ages, for in them were pictured the strong who defended the weak and oppressed, the women who were loved with a faithful and unswerving devotion and men who led pure lives and served conscience and king. In the instances of sin—and there were those even in these mythical stories—evil is shown in its true light and its debasing effect on the character is revealed.

As to the influence on literature, we find other stories, whose heroes are possessed of the same virtues attributed to Arthur, showing how his character—the highest ideal of chivalric times—had permeated the minds of the people. In 1147 the legends were collected, revised and enlarged upon by a Welsh priest named Geoffrey of Monmouth. He traced the history of England from the landing of Brut, the grand-son Aeneas, through the history of King Arthur and his knights down to Cadwallo who died in 689. It is probable that Geoffrey simply collected and cleverly put together the legends of his country, though he pretended to have revised some Welsh manuscripts that had been given him. His *Chronicles* or "*Historia Britonum*" as they were called found many delighted readers, but the historians of that time were very angry and said that he had "lied shamelessly and saucily throughout." In the ninth year of Edward IV., Sir Thomas Malory wrote *Le Morte d'Arthur*. This book has been called "the work of a man of genius." Its popularity is shown by the fact that it was among the first books printed by Caxton a few years later, Caxton himself being one of those who "loved noble acts of chivalry." Dryden, Milton and others thought of writing an epic based on the Arthurian legends, but did not carry out their intentions; so we find the greatest example of the influence of the legends in Tennyson's *Idyls*, which, it is prophesied will retain their popularity in future ages, and, being ranked with *Paradise Lost* and the *Fairy Queen*, will be considered one of the greatest epics in the English language.

ANNE RIDDLE.

II.

"Not of the howling dervishes of song,
 Who craze the brain with their delirious song,
 Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart.
 Therefore to thee, the laurel leaves belong,
 To thee our love and our allegiance,
 For thy allegiance to the poet's art."

TENNYSON is by eminence the representative poet of the recent era. "Not, like one or another of his contemporaries, representative of the melody, wisdom, passion, or other partial phase of the era, but of the time itself, with its diverse elements in harmonious conjunction." By the weight of his thought and the richness of his poetic expression, he has given delight to the reading world of his day and has won our gratitude as a "purifier and guardian" of the language. "He has gleaned from all nature and all history what was most lofty and aimable." Not unfrequently he rises to the Shakespearian level in the beauty and picturesqueness of his expression, but he does not possess that wild forest-like freedom which so characterizes the great master.

Tennyson's command of English is wonderful. "He combined old words into new epithets, he daringly mingled all colors to bring out tints that never were on sea or shore. His words gleam like pearls and opals, like rubies and emeralds." The stern vocables of the English language under the power of his imagination became "gracefully brilliant as the leopards of Bacchus soft and glowing as the Cytherean doves."

No finer group of songs has been produced in this century than the melodies, "Sweet and Low." "The splendor falls on castle walls," and "Ask me no more." Not one of the blank verse songs, in his Arthurian epic, equals in structure or depth of feeling, "Tears, idle tears," and "O swallow, swallow, flying, flying south!" "What witchery of landscape and action; what fair women and brave men!"

"The distinctive character of *In Memoriam* is determined by its having been composed, not within the compass of a few weeks, expressly in honor of a deceased friend, like Milton's *Lycidas* and Shelley's *Adonais*, but during a number of years and apparently without being designed as a single poem."

In this, the shadow of death has fallen between two spirits who have been joined together in the closest friendship. "That friendship had depended for its endurance on the community of lofty and immortal sympathies, of great thoughts, of pure and earnest affections." It was beyond the power of death to bring it to an end. "Death could only cast a veil of shadow between two friends." It is a stillness, a lofty mournfulness, rather than an overwhelming sorrow that was cast over the life of Tennyson. "The grave, majestic, hymnal measure swells like the peal of an organ, yet acts as a brake or undue spasmodic outbursts of discordant grief."

Perhaps in none of his minor poems has Tennyson shown the strength, tenderness and beauty of his genius to such a degree as in his epic, *The Idyls of the King*, where we find the old, old tales of Arthur and the Round Table retold for us, in picture-words, which take us back to the olden time when his knights swore,

"To reverence the king,
As if he were their conscience,
And conscience as their King.
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity
To love me maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds."

The *Idyls* appeared in a disjointed series. It is hardly probable that the poet meant at first to write an epic. They grew as Wolf conceived the Homeric legends to have done, until the time came for them to be united in one grand epic. "Wave and transept, aisle after aisle, the Gothic minister extended, until with the addition of a cloister here and a chapel yonder, the structure stood complete."

The Arthur of poetry is a grand ideal character, whose true greatness Guinevere realizes but too late, when she makes her moan,

"Ah! my God
What might I have not made of thy fair world,
Had I but loved thy brightest creature here?"

The *Idyls*, is an epic of chivalry—our conception of what knighthood should be rather than what it really was. "The whole work is suffused with the Tennysonian glamour of golden

mist, and often blazes with light like that which flashed from the holy wizard's book, when the covers were unclasped."

It "rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gathered shape.

The Coming of Arthur is but an introduction to the Idyls. Tennyson seems only half in earnest, for he has not yet thrown the whole power of his wonderful genius into the work. However, he gives us a picture of Arthur's court when the Round Table was in its highest glory.

"The splendor of the presence of the King
Throned and delivering doom,"

Fills the "long-vaulted hall."

There his knights are sworn to their vows

"Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness
And, loving, utter faithfulness in love,
And uttermost obedience to the King."

Arthur, the blameless King, gathers around him.

"A glorious company of men
To serve as model for the mighty world."

In the morbid jealousy of Geraint we see the first shadow of the world-taint which overthrew the glory of the Round Table.

Elaine though less epical than Guinevere must be classed as one of the "mountain summits of English poetry" "For pathetic sweetness and absolute beauty of narrative and rhythm, Elaine still remains dearest to the heart of maiden, youth or sage."

The portrait of Lancelot is a higher, more difficult achievement than that of Arthur. Tennyson here gives expression to the thought that no man can be truly happy in sin. Lancelot is not merely a man of the world, but a hero who, though he has swerved from the path of virtue, is at heart, as truly heroic, as deeply in sympathy with righteousness and honor as Arthur himself.

And now the glory of the Round Table grows less and less. At the Last Tournament it is almost gone and in Guinevere the heaven is clothed with sackcloth.

There is nothing finer in modern verse than the interview between Arthur and his remorseful wife.

Lo! I forgive thee as eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul rest.
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
But Lancelot's nay, they never were the King's.
Let no man dream but that I Love thee still,
Perchance, and so thou purify thou soul,
We two may meet before high God."

And Guinevere her love for the King at last awakened,
cries out in her grief,

Now I see thee what thou art,
Thou art the highest and most noble too.
Is there none will tell the King
I love him though so late?"

The "Passing of Arthur" is more distinctly Homeric than
any of the Idyls. Arthur wounded and dying, cries aloud,

"My God, thou hast forgotten me in my death.
Nay, God my Christ, I pass, but shall not die.
I am going a long way,
To the Island valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

And then Sir Bevidere places him in the black boat where
the three dark queens were sitting,

And watches him

"Till the hull look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn."

"Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand," he sees the
boat that bears the king

"Somewhere far off, pass on and on and go
From less to less and vanish into light."

SALLY LANE.

Tennyson's Women.

"Tennyson as a landscape word-painter is intensely true. A painter might perfectly rely upon his statement of facts, and lay fearlessly on the canvas the little clouds 'sun-fringed,' which float in his skies. He has also excelled as no other modern bard has done in representing the feeling and manners of men and gods living in that far-off period, shadowed by the mists of antiquity, but, however keen may be his appreciation of the character of him who was made both sovereign and protector of women, still he charms us most when he tunes his lyre to the praise of woman and sings of love, that mystic and indescribable power, which has worked the weal or woe of man as far back as we can see through the vista of years.

The Laureate has described in so interesting and pleasing a manner, the characters of his heroines given in the Idyls of the King, that were we to confine ourselves to them alone, we should find many tender and lovely portraits as we turn its pages, each "a keepsake, gilt-edged, embossed with flowers and decorations, richly got up, soft, full of delicate faces, always elegant and always correct, which one might take to be sketched at random and which are yet carefully drawn, on white vellum, delicately touched by their out line, all selected to rest and occupy the soft, white hands of a young bride."

The first to claim our notice is Lynette, the gay and saucy "damsel of high lineage and a brow

May blossom and a cheek of apple blossom,
Hawk-eyes; and lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."

Lynette's face is as variable in expression as the sky on an April day, while her nature is more vivacious than any of the ladies described in the Idyls. She is coquettish, piquant, high spirited and yet withal generous and ready to acknowledge her faults. We cannot suppress the smile of amusement which plays about our lips as we read of her wild ride with Gareth through the gloomy forests overshadowed by the foliage of the

stately trees; their path, now leading up a winding slope, bordered by the sweet wild flowers which the sun stealing between the branches has stopped to kiss; now winding by the margin of the dreary mere, while Lynette's words of sarcasm and wit ring out in the clear air, followed by snatches of merry song teeming with derision of the "kitchen-knave."

It would seem as if the poet had delineated Enid upon the opposite page to serve as a contrast to Lynette, showing us the sweetness and power of a true woman, whose influence exerted at the fireside will be felt for good in the outside world. Geraint, the poet says,

Loved her as he loved the light of heaven,
And as the light of heaven varies,
Now at sun rise, now at sun set, now by night
With moon and trembling stars, so loved Geraint
To make her beauty vary day by day,
In crimsons and in purples and in gems,"

Her sweet submission to her husband's will, her utter confidence in his judgment, her tender devotion to him when wounded, mark her as the noblest type of wifehood. Her joy at her lord's recovery and their flight from the castle of Doorm, is very touching.

"She did not weep,
But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green,
Before the useful trouble of the rain."

We shudder as we come to Vivien, for though she possesses a perfect beauty, still that same beauty creates a feeling of repulsion, such as we experience when a glittering serpent approaches, we are fascinated in spite of ourselves, yet repelled. And her intellect was as keen as her beauty was dazzling, for by her astuteness and suavity even Merlin, the mighty soothsayer of that day, was enslaved and finally ruined. To aid his fall the evil spirits were convoked in that violent storm, which rent the heavens and felled the mighty forest oaks.

But though we may delight in the gaiety of Lynette and admire the loyalty and meekness of Enid, though Vivien may fascinate us, yet we feel the deepest love and sympathy for the sweet little Elaine, called the "lily maid of Astolat" from her resemblance to those sweet summer flowers, so fragrant in

perfume and so spotless in purity. A child in years and appearance, a woman in sad experience, who so tenderly guarded the shield of Lancelot in the old stone tower, and who faded away like the delicate April blossoms under the noonday sun, when she found herself unloved. We often wonder how Lancelot could have withstood the charm of her innocent purity and beauty, but we must remember that his heart was filled with a guilty passion for the queen.

"I will paint her, as I see her,
Ten times have the lilies blown
Since she looked upon the sun."

And her face is lily-clear,
Lily-shaped and dropped in duty,
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encolored faintly,
Which a trail of golden hair,
Keeps from fading off to air.

And a forehead fair and saintly
Which two blue eyes under shine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine."

Just as the longer we look at one of Raphael's Madonnas the more it grows upon us and delights us by some added charm, so in reading the story of Elaine, every step increases our admiration and love until she attains, in our minds, the ideal of a "woman nobly planned, the perfect work of God."

But we are lost in delight when we gaze upon the peerless loveliness of Guinevere, around whom, all the others circle, as the lesser lights around the radiant moon. A woman not unusual except for her queenly beauty, only a woman capable of a great passion, who says:

"One who loves me must have a touch of earth;
The low sun makes the color,"

and who mirrors the soul of the ordinary woman in her jealousy of her rival—the little maid, Elaine. True to human nature, which does not appreciate the bright flowers of summer, until their petals are blasted by the icy hand of winter, and which only, hears the melody of the bird's song when he has winged his flight to southern lands, Guinevere did not prize until too late, the wealth of love lavished upon her by the noble King Arthur. Perhaps

that passionate outburst of sorrow, love and despair at his parting from her in the "holy house at Almesbury" touched some sleeping chord within her heart, and awakened her love. What higher tribute could be paid to her beauty than is expressed in these lines.

"But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play,
Not knowing! O imperial moulded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore
Until it came a Kingdom's curse with thee."

Let us wander from this epic and speak of the women described in his other poems; of the child-like witchery of fair Lilian, who clasps her tiny hands above her,

"So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple
From beneath her gather'd wimple
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,
Till the lightning laughs dimple
The baby-roses in her cheeks
Then away she flies."

Or we might fix our attention on that vale of Ida "lovelier than all the valleys of Ionian hills." whither came at noon the once beautiful Cænone, mourning the faithlessness of that perfidious, yet handsome shepherd, Prince Paris, and breathing out her sad history to Mother Ida in word of deepest despair.

In many of his poems the Laureate has spoken of the rapture of love, but its peace and pure contentment are best given in the Miller's Daughter. "Goethe's, Schiller's, Burns' lovers speak of moments of delight, this lover speaks of the peace that has been the atmosphere of his life for many years."

"Look thro' mine eyes with thine true wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;
My other dearer life in life,
Look thro' my very soul with thine."

The timid, gentle Amy is one of the daintiest of Tennyson's creations. She excites such a sensation of pleasure as we feel "in seeing a delicately tinted, quaintly shaped china cup, or in finding a curiously veined, richly flushed shell on the sea shore" As the heart-broken old wanderer paces up and down the sandy tracts lying before the stately pile of Locksley Hall, his mind strays back to the love of his boy-hood,

"Amy loved me, Amy failed me, Amy was a timid child."

And out of the dim past a remembrance comes to him of a picture painted in the happy days of youth,

"In the hall there hangs a painting—Amy's arms about my neck—
Happy children in a sunbeam sitting on the ribs of wreck."

Lady Clara Vere de Vere is a type of the modern society girl, we may find her in the crowded ball-room in winter, or upon the grassy tennis court in summer, a mere butterfly basking in the smiles of her admirers.

"Who trembles her fan in a sweetness dumb,
As her thoughts were beyond recalling,
With a glance for *one* and a glance for some,
From her eye-lids rising and falling,
Speaks common words with a blushful air,
Hears told words unimproving,"

She lures her victims on by the witchery of her bright eyes and the coquetry of her manner, valuing the love of a true heart as she would some new song, pleasing until its place is filled by another, newer and more charming.

And many other pictures are equally as fine, such as that of "rare, pale Margaret," of "faintly smiling Adeline," or of Maud concerning whom the poet says.

"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one ;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

* * * * *

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead ;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

All of these are very delicately and tenderly sketched, forming in themselves a gallery worthy of any great artist of the Italian school, a gallery which not only pleases us as we wander through it in youth, but which remains throughout life a pleasant memory, its pictures rising unbidden before our eyes as we sit alone in the twilight of many a summer day.

MARY McCULLOCH.

Sunrise and Sunset in the Highlands.

OF ALL the poets who have taken Nature as their theme, not one has ever surpassed Sir Walter Scott. As we turn the pages of the great Scottish bard, we often find ourselves wondering what it is that makes his word-pictures of natural scenery appeal so strongly to our imagination, and the chief reason seems to be, that he loved Nature so dearly, that he came so truly near Nature's heart, that she unfolded for him her great, golden heart, and revealed herself to him in all her purity and beauty. And his love for her was mingled with something that amounted almost to adoration; he considered it desecration to defile the temple of this goddess with his own joys and sorrows. To him, even in his saddest moments, the massive mountains, with their crowns of purest snow, raised their heads as proudly to the skies as if his own heart were not bowed down with grief and pain; the brooks flowed as gaily, as merrily along, as if the fountains of his love and happiness were not frozen and still; and soon, under their gladdening influence, his evil moods vanished, and he took pleasure anew in the songs of the birds and in the budding of the flowers.

It is no wonder, then, that this, the noblest passion of Scott's soul, should show itself so frequently in his writings, and that his descriptions of the scenery in his beloved home-land, Scotland, should be more admired than anything else in his poems. The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion, and the Lady of the Lake, are all filled with these glowing word-pictures, but one, which has always been considered especially beautiful, is the description of a sunset scene in the Trosachs.

Let us imagine ourselves, now, on the lofty summit of Ben An, and view, with our poet's eyes, this magnificent panorama. Far below us roll the waters of Loch Katrine, now "one burnished sheet of living gold," as they are touched by the Midas-like finger of the dying sun. Toward the south rises "huge Ben Venue," crowned by these same magic fingers with a halo of encircling light, while nestled at its base lie massive forests stretching away to soft vales and undulating meadows in the distance. As we turn in another direction, our eyes fall on the dark glens and ra-

vines of the Trosachs, one tangled mass of hazel and hawthorne blossom, from which comes the faint, sweet odor of the eglantine and brier-rose.

And now our poet brings before us another scene, different, yet quite as beautiful, for Scott loved Nature in all her changing moods, and has represented her to us not only in all the splendor of her sunset glory, but in the dewy freshness of morning, and in the solemn majesty of midnight.

Now the sun is just rising o'er the hills and forests 'round Loch Katrine, and its golden beams dart hither and thither, playing hide-and-seek in the broad boughs of the overhanging trees, and dancing on the rippling waters of the lake. At their touch, the "gray mists leave the mountain-side," and float away in great, billowy masses, whose fleecy brightness is reflected in the blue depths of the lake below. One pale wreath still hovers on the topmost peak of Ben An, as if to play with the ivy-vine which there flaunts its banners gaily in the breeze, or to caress the small wind-flowers which, awakened by a merry sunbeam's morning kiss, now raise their graceful heads to the heavens. All Nature is glad; the very torrent seems joyful and leaps to "show its glistening pride;" but above the noise of its laughing waters, comes the gentle coo of the cushat dove, and the answering notes of the lark as it "up-springeth, blythe, to greet the purpling east."

NANNIE MCFARLAND.

Y. W. C. A.

"YOU need a Young Women's Christian Association here. It would be the greatest help in the world to you."

These earnestly spoken words fell upon the ears of a number of girls and teachers gathered in the parlor of the A. F. S. one evening in May, 1894. Mr. D. Willard Lyon, traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, was the speaker on that memorable evening and we eagerly listened to his words of counsel, for each felt the need—the undefinable something that was lacking to make the dear old Seminary perfect in our loving estimation.

The few remaining weeks of the session sped so rapidly and brought with them such countless multitudes of last duties, that nothing could be done to carry out our new ideas. Summer days came swiftly and then the happy home-going and all the merry-makings and the numberless pleasures of vacation hours. But in the midst of the joy and sunshine came ringing in our ears, like the chimes of far-off bells, the talismanic letters, "Y. W. C. A." Louder and clearer they sounded as the vacation hours drew to a close, and soon our minds and hearts were so filled with the melody that many a petition went up to the throne of grace for guidance in establishing an association the next session.

September soon re-united many of the loving school-friends in the time-honored walls of the A. F. S. "Well, girls, we are just obliged to have a Y. W. C. A. this year. We can't do without it," such were our words during those busy days of preparation for the hard, steady work of the winter.

Miss Baldwin greatly favored our plan and with her help and that of a number of our teachers, a Young Women's Christian Association was organized Sunday, October 7, 1894, and the following officers were elected: President, Miss Eleanor Preston; Vice-President, Miss Margaret Daniel; Treasurer, Miss Hallie Ogle; Secretary, Miss Pauline Du Bose.

By the next Sabbath, our President had appointed several committees to carry on the Association work. The Membership and Finance Committee were soon busy canvassing for members and collecting the dues, the Social Committee was planning entertainments, while the Committee on Religious meetings was trying to revise the order of services for Sunday afternoons and Friday evenings. Other committees were added, one by one, as they seemed to be needed. The Y. W. C. A. combines in itself the little Volunteer band and the Missionary Society and takes under its supervision all our religious meetings.

Were there "lions in the way" of this newly organized Christian band? Aye, lions fierce and growling, such lions as threatened to tear the then feeble undertaking to pieces. But when we came to them, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, we found them 'chained' The first difficulty that stared us in the face was the lack of a suitable room for our Association. Little by little, this diffi

culty was removed and, at last, our hearts were delighted with the gift from Miss Baldwin of the "Old Calisthenics Hall," which was soon changed by the busy hands of the Room and Library Committee into a pleasant Y. W. C. A. room, with books, magazines, and a small museum. The fund for this purpose was increased by the sum of \$15.00, the proceeds of a Mother Goose Entertainment, planned and successfully carried out by the Social Committee. Mother Goose proved herself the same old delightful lady that she has always been and the pleasure afforded by the antics of her numerous children was greatly increased by the recitations of several of our best elocutionists.

We have been much helped by the visit of Miss Abbie Lyon, who, although coming especially in behalf of the Student Volunteer, still gave us much aid in our Y. W. C. A. work. She made two deeply interesting addresses in the Chapel and her face showed that her words came from her heart. Never will we forget those delightful conversations with Miss Lyon in her own room, when she solved for us so many of the difficult problems in our own Christian work. All too short for us was her stay in our midst, for in her we found an inspiration.

Another great help to us has been the series of meetings in our Y. W. C. A. room, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Booker, for Mr. Booker has, in an unusual degree, the gift of knowing what to say to school-girls to show them very plainly the road to the "Celestial City." Our beloved pastor, Mr. Fraser, has often been among us and teachers and girls have felt that his presence always brings a benediction.

One of our greatest difficulties, one lion which is still roaring loudly in our path, is the question, "How are we to keep up the interest among the members?" Alas! that lion has made us tremble again and again. The variety of our programs has done much to rivet the fetters of this king of beasts, but he is still very threatening.

However, many, many blessings have fallen to our portion and for these let us raise our hearts in thankfulness. And, when we of this year are far away from our Alma Mater, may those blessings increase and may many souls be made "heirs of God" through the instrumentality of our grand old Y. W. C. A.

PAULINE DU BOSE.

Mars Phil.

GO LONG, honey, yo' ole mammy's got to work. Don't yer see how busy I is? What's dat you say? You want me to tell you a tale 'bout yo' ma an' yo' Unc' Phil when dey was li'l? Law honey, when yer stuck yo' haid in dat do' I mos' thought I wuz back on de ole plantation way yonder fo' de war, an' you wuz yo' ma. I recollect' how she use' ter run in wid her curls flyin' roun' her face an' her eyes a-shinin', a-hollerin' hello ter me an' axin' me how I is.

She an' Mars Phil wuz de smartis' children dat ever lived. When de war broke out, yo' ma wan't no bigger 'n you an' Mars Phil he was jes' two years older. When ole Massa went off to de war he lef' me an' ole Unc' Tom to tek keer uv ole Missus an' de chilluns an' de plantation. Mars Phil he wanted a uniform an' brass buttons like his pa's an' wanted ter go to de war. But ole Massa he tell Mars Phil to be his brave li'l soldier an' stay home an' teek' keer uv his ma an' his li'l sister. So arter ole Massa wuz gone Mars Phil felt like he wuz 'sponsible for de whole plantation.

Bymeby arter ole Massa been gone two or three weeks, we hear de Yankees is comin'. Me and Uuc Tom gits all de silver and de jewels an' teks 'em out in de woods an' buries 'em in de grown'. Unc' Tom he teks de kerridge horses an' turns 'em out in de wood-lot so de Yankees wout know whar to find 'em.

All dat day Missus' face looks mighty still and white but she don't say nothin' an' don't cry none so's de chillun wout get skeerd. Mars Phil gits his pa's ole sword an' puts it on.

Next mornin' 'long bout ten o'clock we hears a mighty gallopin' down de big road, an' sees de Yankees comin'. De soldiers come up to de house a-laffin'. One 'lows as how dey wout have no trouble gittin' what dey want kaze dere ain't nobody 'ceptin' women an' chillun on de place. One asks Unc' Tom where de horses is and de res' all start in de house. Den Mars Phil he sees 'em an' he steps up wid his haid helt up high, an' his eyes a-shinin', an' his han' on de big sword an' sez dat his Pa hez done gone to de war but dat he lef' him home to tek keer uv his ma and his li'l sister an' dat all de Yankees in de worl' shan't hurt

dem ner touch nothin'. Den de soldiers laff an' ax him what he can do. Mars Phil he jis stands up in front uv ole Missus an' yer Ma a-lookin' 'zactly ez if he could whip de whole Union army.

Den one big soldier rides up an' sez wid tears in his eyes dat he's got a li'l boy like Mars Phil at home an' dat dey shan't hurt nuthin' dat is 'fended by sech a brave li'l soldier. At dat dey all wheel roun' an' ride off. And de big soldier he kiss Mars Phil for his li'l boy's sake and says if ever he sees Mars Phil's pa he gwine ter tell him what a brave boy he's got. An' dat's how Mars Phil took keer uv his ma and his li'l sister. Now run along, honey, I ain't got no time to be a-tellin you stories.

A Student's Dream.

WHAT is this? Some one rapping at my door? Before I had time to bid the unexpected one enter, the door opened wide, and in walked an aged man, withered and bent, with long, shaggy, black hair, and wild, staring eyes. He approached my bed and upon seeing me cried in anger: "So you are the wretch who dared to play 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Dixie' when you should have practiced my *Landler Waltz*? To punish you, I shall prevent Prof. M. from giving you that beautifully bound Beethoven which you have so long teased him to let you have. I am Beethoven," and with that he ceased, and stood at the foot of the bed glaring upon me.

No sooner had he become silent than in came a blind man, very old, and very handsome, whom I recognized as Wilton. "Now what can you say," he began, "for naming that blood-curdling Coleridge as the author of my immortal *Paradise Lost*? You shall pay the penalty," and with that he took his place by the side of Beethoven.

Trembling, I turned to see who had now darkened the door. It was a pale, sorrow-stricken man who approached and began severely: "I am Mark Anthony, and when I cried 'Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears,' do you think I said it in the thin, squeaky voice in which you repeated it this morning in Elocution? Each succeeding generation is less and less energetic,

and I believe in a short time your voice will be a mere whisper." Each word had grown louder and more severe, and I put my hands over my ears, secretly determining to practice the "Orotund" every day.

Hearing a slight rustling on the bed, I looked down and was amazed to see a poor little shivering dog climbing up on the bed. It was Beauty, hardly recognizable now that he was shorn of his once beautiful hair. "Oh me!" he whined, "I'm so cold, and I fear that I cannot survive the winter. Curses be upon you wicked girls who have stolen my curls for your 'memoir books!'" and an ominous growl followed. I shuddered and tried to think when I had succeeded in obtaining a lock of Beauty's coveted hair, for Lallie and I had chased him over the back gallery and even into the office, but in vain. Not the smallest piece could we get.

Next came a low, heavy-set man, dressed in the tunic worn by the farmer in the early ages. When I saw the broad open countenance, the Roman nose, and the beautiful curly hair, I thought of Cincinnatus. His words verified my suspicion, for he began in an enraged tone: "My name is Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, and I am known to history as one averse to using political power in order to gain wealth. Did I save my country, refuse a golden crown and return to my plough just to have a little ignoramus say: 'He was the Roman whose character was most like that of Pausanias.' You shall pay dearly for this my lady."

I turned away, hoping to shut out these visions, but on that side stood Miss D. with an empty ink bottle and a half corrected composition. "Now Kittie," she sighed, "I did not think that *you* would hand in such work. I have used all my red ink and have burnt my midnight oil, but here is the composition still unfinished. You may take it and come to my room Saturday. I opened my lips to remonstrate, but ere a word escaped I was transfixed with horror. Over the bed came a dreadful mouse which paused and said in low, sad tones: "Would you, *could* you be so cruel as to set a trap for a poor little innocent mouse, just because you want to dissect one in your Physiology class?" He came nearer and nearer, almost to my pillow. This was beyond human endurance, and I gave one awful shriek and bounded out of bed.

Before I had time to realize where I was, Grace was by my side exclaiming anxiously : " Kittie, what on earth is the matter ? Are you sick ? I am going to call Miss P."

Feeling very silly, but very much relieved, I crawled into bed and drew the cover close about me, thankful it was only a dream.

KITTIE ALDRIDGE

An Old Tropical Town.

WE were obliged to stay over in Jundialhy, owing to the delay of donkeys and men, which were to transport us and our baggage to San Paulo; yet the hours flew by on winged feet, for many a charming spot we found while exploring the old, world-forgotten town. It nestled at the foot of the mountains which towered in sentinel silence above it, and the narrow, principal street wound on by the adobe houses, draped in yellow jessamine, with here and there a satyr, broken-armed, gleaming in desolate splendor amid the overgrown luxuriance of the garden, wound by the mud-daubed huts of the out-cast lepers, by the sparkling fountain in the square, until at last it passed out to the country beyond and changed the roughness of the cobble-stones for the dustiness of a country-road. The little inn at which we slept and quaffed numberless cups of fragrant coffee, cups which seemed to have imprisoned in their depths the sweetness of the crimson coffee-berries and the odor of their blossoms, fronted on this square, and it was here we brought our portfolios, our embroidery, our sketching. We brought them, but that was all, for our eyes and thoughts wandered pleasantly with the wayfarers in the street.

Numerous donkeys with giant, orange-laden panniers hanging on either side passed us, their drivers strolling behind, or whistling, children, goats and sheep occupied the side-walks in turn and the owners of the little fruit-shops brought their chairs out and tilting them back against the wall, watched the smoke of their pipes curl lazily upward, until at last their eyes grew heavy and they dreamed, all unconscious of the mosquitos and flies we foreigners found so troublesome. At the fountain were

gathered the women and children, careless that elsewhere the world moved more rapidly, that elsewhere women worked and wept while men labored and fought. They hurried not to wash the clothes they had brought with them for that purpose. Was there not to-morrow always? The children dabbled in the water and watched their boats of orange peel come safely into port and laughed with glee when one suffered shipwreck on some rocky shoal. When evening came and the sunset rays threw a strange, peculiar glamour over the quaint old town, it seemed to waken for a few short hours like the prince in the fairy tale. The beggars shook themselves and counting the coppers in their pockets, hurried on to finish their rounds. The shop-keepers took in their chairs and came out to talk to their fellow business men, and the women hastened in doors to prepare the savory evening meal of beans and garlic. From the old church came the sound of evening bells and our eyes wandered involuntarily to the convent on the hill, whose vesper bells had long hung voiceless, silent, 'mid the silence that reigned around.

One day, leaving my less industrious companions on the broad piazza of the little inn, I had climbed the hill to the old convent with Theresa, a flower-girl, whose acquaintance I had made at the fountain. With the great dark eyes and dark brown hair which are the gift of the women of a southern clime, a crimson shawl thrown with careless grace around her shoulders, she seemed to have imbibed the witchery of the time and the place. Stopping here and there to pick a fern or flower, we at last lifted the rusty latch of the convent gate and stepped into the deserted garden. Over its crumbling walls hung a mantle of ivy and on the very threshold, wild flowers and grasses were growing while the grating was rusty and some of the bars had fallen out from long disuse. Through the once forbidden door we passed and found ourselves in a long, dark corridor upon which opened numerous cell doors, where in days gone by their inmates had knelt and wept and prayed and gazed out with unavailing longing on the blue distant mountains. We opened several doors, only to find a broken chair or a worn-out pallet, and in one—a skull. At last we reached the chapel and sat down to rest. Through the broken, colored windows, the rays of the setting sun still fell in rainbow hues upon the broken altar and falling organ

pipes, silent now like all the rest. From the walls were hanging tattered fragments of painted canvas and at our feet were numerous slabs with the words "Sister Maria" or "Sister Anna," "Requiescat in Pace." We wandered up to the organ loft and there Theresa told me the story of "Sister Francesca" on whose slab was written, "She will awake in the morning."

"Sister Francesca" was young and beautiful and lived at the foot of the convent hill. She was the gayest of the gay and the *Senorita* knows that when one is too happy it is that soon will sorrow come. She sang all day and the young men went mad for love of her dark eyes. She laughed them all to scorn but Pedro, to whom she gave her troth. Yet she was not happy long, for jealous Chico in his rage stabbed Pedro to the heart one dark night. Then her heart broke and when Easter came she went up to the convent on the hill and took the vows. They say she never smiled again, but she nursed the sick with tender care and taught the little children. When Sunday came she sang in the convent chapel and strangers came from far and near to hear. She died soon after, and sometimes on summer nights, when all is still, if one will come up here, one can hear her sing, like an angel moaning in despair."

She paused, and we sat in silence, watching with eyes intent the violet lights that shifted uneasily on the altar only to rest at last on the white tomb of "Sister Francesca" and then fade softly away into darkness. What must she not have suffered before she at last found peace in this quiet chapel? We crept down the steps softly and passed out the rickety gate, while the stars came peeping out one by one and on the breeze was wafted to us the music of an old Latin vesper.

O, Israel's watchful Shepherd spreads,
Tents of Angels round our bed,
While our eyes we gently close,
Stealing o'er us soft repose,
Soul and body now we leave
O, Israel's Watchman unto Thee."

At last the donkeys came and we left Jundiahy half reluctant, so strongly had the charm of the quaint little town taken

hold on us, and we thought with Tennyson, that in the sleepy, restful village,

“It were sweet, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes, ever to seem falling asleep in a half dream,
To dream and dream like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height.”

When we had reached the mountain-top, we paused to take one last look at the green, flat roofs, the fountains, and the orange and myrtle groves, then turned away, with a sigh for the scenes and places we should visit no more, to mount our donkeys and clamber down the other side. “M. L.”



Ein Kürzerer Weg.

WIR wohnten damals, während des Sommers in einem kleinen Landhause, ungefähr vier Meilen von „Riverside“; aber was für ein langer, langer Weg sind vier Meilen an einem heissen Tage im August! Und wie der Pfad sich in verschiedenen Richtungen windet, hier, bergauf, da, bergab!

„Es muss einen kürzeren Weg geben,“ sagte Edith, ein schönes, lustiges Mädchen, zu uns. „Kommt, lasst uns geradeaus nach Hause gehen, anstatt durch diese heissen, staubigen Strassen. Wir werden noch einmal so schnell zu Hause sein.“

Wir alle gaben unsere Einwilligung, und bald befanden wir uns in einem grossen, finstern Walde, wo der Geruch von Wachholder sehr stark war. „Ich rieche Wachholder,“ sagte Maria, und wir waren alle auf unseren Knien und suchten unter den dünnen Blättern nach den guten Sträuchern.

Bald hörten wir ein lautes Geschrei von Edith, die in einen Sumpf gesunken war. Mit vielem Stossen und Ziehen gelang es uns, sie herauszubringen.

Dann sahen wir, zu unserem Schrecken, dass es fast dunkel war. Wir standen da mit bleichen Gesichtern—wir hatten den Weg verfehlt—wir hatten uns verirrt. Plötzlich kam eine Herde von Kühen über den Hügel, in vollem Galopp! Ach, was sollten wir thun? Wir konnten nicht fortlaufen, mit einem Sumpf an einer Seite und einem drohenden Abhang an der anderen. Eine kam auf uns zu, mit hängendem Kopf und schwingendem Schwanz. Wir schrieten um Hilfe, und bald sahen wir zwei Männer herannahen.

Einer sprach: „Was fehlt Ihnen, Fräulein?“ „O wollen Sie uns sagen, wo Rockland Farm ist?“ schrieten wir alle zusammen. In der Dämmerung sahen wir die Männer lächeln, und dann führten sie uns auf die Spitze des Hügels, und da, nach langem Suchen, lag ruhig das alte, liebe Haus.

Bald waren wir inmitten unseres Familienkreises, und erzählten die Abenteuer unseres kürzeren Weges, welche uns während drei Stunden beschäftigt hatten.

MINNIE WATSON GRATTAN

Ein Kleiner Amerikaner.

ER ist nicht schön, dieser junge, fünfjährige Herr, mit Namen Heinrich, aber er ist sehr aufgeweckt und auch sehr unartig.

Jeden Morgen geht er mit seiner kleinen Schwester zum Kindergarten, und ich hoffe, dass er etwas lernt, aber ich weiss nicht, ob es so ist oder nicht.

Vor einigen Tagen kam er wieder heim und sagte zu seiner Schwester: „Laura, es war ein böser Knabe heute in der Schule; als die Lehrerin zu ihm sprach, hat er Gesichter geschnitten.

„Ach! Was für ein böses Kind ist das! Kennst du ihn?“ fragte seine grosse Schwester. „Nein,“ antwortete er, und dann hielt ihm die gute Schwester eine lange, eindringliche Predigt über böse Knaben. Nachdem sie geendet hatte, sagte Nora, die jüngste Schwester: „Ich weiss, wer es war! Es war Heinrich selbst!“

Das erste Mal, dass er zur Kirche ging, trug er einen neuen roten Anzug, mit roten Schuhen. Während des Gebetes machte eine der Schwestern ihm Gesichter. Er wurde sehr ärgerlich, nahm seinen kleinen roten Schuh, und warf ihn gerade nach dem bösen Mädchen! Seitdem ist er nicht wieder zur Kirche gegangen.

Er ging mit seiner Mutter nach Chicago, die Ausstellung zu sehen. Ein Bild nahm besonders seine Aufmerksamkeit gefangen. „Wie heisst es?“ fragte er. Die Mutter sah es an. Es war das Bild eines sterbenden Soldaten. „Nach dem Angriff (attack) von Austerlitz,“ antwortete sie ihm. „Mama,“ fragte er nun wieder, „was für eine Krankheit ist das?“

Vorigen Sommer gingen die Kinder in den Park, und als sie zurückkamen, war Nora ganz nass. „Was hast du gethan?“ fragte ängstlich die Mutter. „Johann Schmidt,“ rief Heinrich wüthend aus, „hat Nora in den See geworfen.“ „Wer war mit ihm?“ „Frau Schmidt.“ „Was hat die dann zu ihrem verwöhnten Söhnchen gesagt?“ „Sie sagte: Johann, thue das nicht wieder, thue das nicht wieder!“ antwortete Heinrich, der Frau Schmidt ironisch nachahmend.

Heinrich's erwachsene Schwester spielte in einem Liebhaber-Theater mit und natürlich schminkte sie ihr Gesicht. Den folgenden Tag kam Heinrich ins Zimmer, wo viele Besucher waren, die Wangen, den Mund, das Haar, alles, ganz rot geschminkt.

„Mein Kind!“ schrie seine entsetzte Mutter. „Was hast du angestellt!“ „Nun,“ antwortete er ruhig, „Schwester Laura thut es, und ich denke, ich kann es auch thun.“

Einmal konnte die Mutter weder Heinrich, noch Nora finden. Die ganze Familie suchte überall, aber umsonst. Zuletzt sah die Mutter Heinrich in dem Hofe, und als sie näher kam, stand sie erstaunt still. Heinrich hatte Nora in das Hühnerhaus eingeschlossen, und durch das Gitter fütterte er sie mit Mais. So ist ein kleiner Amerikaner! Wie gefällt er Ihnen?

MARY FORD WINSTON.

Falls Church.

DIESES schöne, kleine Dorf liegt im nord-östlichen Virginien und ist sechs Meilen von Washington „Der Stadt der grossen Entfernungen“ gelegen

Die erste Bemerkung des Fremden ist gewöhnlich: „Was für ein seltsamer Name; warum wird es so genannt?“ Dieses ist wirklich eine ganz interessante Frage

In Falls Church steht eine altmodische, kleine, backstein-erne Kirche In der Zeit der Revolution, bevor Falls Church die Ehre eines Namens empfangen hatte, war diese Kirche den grossen Wasserfällen des Potomac am nächsten gelegen, obgleich noch zwölf Meilen davon entfernt. Die Soldaten, welche bei den Fällen ihr Lager hatten, wohnten dem Gottesdienste in dieser Kirche bei und demzufolge wurde sie die „Falls Church“ genannt und das Dorf, welches allmählig um sie aufwuchs, nahm diesen Namen an. Das erste interessante Ding, dass dem Fremden heute gezeigt wird, ist die alte „Falls Church,“ welche noch unverändert dasteht, als eine Mahnung an die Zeiten, da

unsere Vorfahren für unser Land kämpften und bluteten. Mit Stolz erzählen die Bewohner, wie die Backsteine für deren Erbauen aus England gebracht wurden und wie Georg Washington oft da gebetet. Sie werden sogar so weit gehen den selben Ständer, an welchem er sein Pferd band, zu zeigen.

Falls Church und seine Umgebung ist den alten Soldaten, welche während unseres letzten Krieges fochten, wohl bekannt. Armeen waren auf den verschiedenen Erhöhungen, welche das Dorf umgeben, gelagert, und die alte Kirche wurde als ein Hospital benutzt. Es war interessant das Vergnügen der Veteranen zu bemerken, welche in Jahre 1892 während der Versammlung der grossen Armee der Republik in Washington, ihre alten Feldlager besuchten.

Acht Meilen von Falls Church ist das geschichtliche Dorf „Fairfax Court House,” welches noch deutlich die Spuren der Verheerungen des Krieges trägt. Der Ort ist sehr wenig verändert und ein alter Veteran könnte ihn sehr leicht erkennen; aber mit Falls Church ist est verschieden. Zeichen einer grossen Verbesserung sind überall sichtbar. Der kleine Ort, welcher einst nur aus einer Kirche und mehreren Häusern bestand, hat sich in ein blühendes Dorf und in eine der schönsten Vorstädte von Washington verwandelt.

Falls Church könnte wohl „die Stadt der Kirchen” genannt werden, weil, obgleich es nur zwölf hundert Einwohner hat, es doch neun Kirchen besitzt. Die Mehrheit der Leute sind kürzlich Zugezogene, aber hier und da wird man einige finden, welche viele kleine Kriegsgeschichten erzählen können.

Unter dem Schatten des Domes unseres nationalen Kapitolums gelegen, bietet mein Wohnort all die Annehmlichkeiten einer grossen Stadt und man kann dort zu gleicher Zeit die frische, reine Landluft einatmen.

Die Bewohner Washingtons finden Falls Church mit seinen langen, schattigen Alleen, mit seinen schönen, von grossen, grünen Rasenplätzen umgebenen Häusern, welche hier und da versteckt liegen, einen reizenden, kleinen Sommer-Aufenthalt.

NELLIE E. HAWXHURST.

Meine erste Reise nach New York.

WAHRSCHEINLICH ist es jedermanns Wunsch zu reisen, so viel wie möglich dieser grossen Erde zu sehen, und es gibt kaum eine andere Lust, welche beglückender ist.

Der höchste Ehrgeiz der meisten Amerikaner ist New-York zu besuchen. Sie denken, dass ihre Reise nicht vollständig sei, wenn sie diese Stadt, „diese Stadt der Städte“ als einen der besuchten Plätze nicht zählen können.

Es ist ebenso ergötzlich als interessant zu bemerken, was für verschiedene Eindrücke die Leute von ihrem ersten Besuch in New-York erhalten.

Von einer Dame, welche nie in einer grossen Stadt, nie in einer solchen Menschenmenge gewesen war, und welche nicht gewöhnt war, die Strassen so schnell zu kreuzen, wie dort nothwendig ist, erzählt man Folgendes:- als sie zuerst auf Broadway ging, dachte sie, dass jedermann an demselben Tage wie sie nach der Stadt gekommen sein müsse.

Es ist mein Vergnügen und mein Vorrecht gewesen viele Male nach New-York zu gehen, aber meine erste Visite da und die damit verbundenen Ereignisse haben einen solchen Eindruck auf mich gemacht, dass es mir unmöglich wäre, sie zu vergessen. Die allererste Begebenheit war eine von grosser Bedeutung für mich, weil sie eine Seefahrt war.

An einem klaren, sonnigen Tage im August stand das stattliche und starke Dampfboot bei der Schiffslände und dann schien es mir, dass es gross genug sei, über das atlantische Meer nach Europa zu gehen. Bald blies die Pfeife, die Matrosen fingen an die Taue aufzuwickeln und von allen Seiten wurden Abschiedsgrüsse gehört. Auf manchen Gesichtern sah man ein Lächeln, andere waren traurig und kummervoll, und Thränen flossen sanft die Wangen hinunter. Allmählig stiess das Dampfboot ab und nun ging es weiter und weiter bis Charleston nur ein Punkt in der Ferne schien.

Das Wetter war während der ganzen Fahrt schön. Die See war ruhig und so glatt wie ein Spiegel, aber trotz dem war ich

unter jenen unglücklichen Geschöpfen, welche seckrank wurden. Nach drei Tagen lief „die Stadt Columbia“ in den Hafen von New-York ein, und in kurzer Zeit waren wir alle in den verschiedenen Hotels untergebracht.

Natürlich würden Dinge, welche mich dann so sehr interessierten, nun kaum denselben Effect auf mich haben, aber da ich meinen ersten Besuch beschreiben will, so muss ich meinem Thema nachgeben.

Das Eden-Museum war mir etwas durchaus Neues. Immerfort dachte ich, dass die Wachs-Figuren wirkliche Leute seien, und ich war immer sehr vorsichtig nicht zu nahe zu gehen, weil sie denken möchten, dass ich sehr unhöflich sei, sie so anzustarren. Dort ist auch ein Zimmer, welches man „das Zimmer der Greuel“ heisst, und gewiss ist der Name sehr passend. Es macht einen schauern die schrecklichen, aber natürlichen Darstellungen von Morden u. s. w. zu sehen.

Ein anderer Gegenstand, welcher mich sehr angezogen hat, war die Hochbahn. Es war meinen kindischen Ideen ein Wunder, die Lokomotiven zu sehen, welche über die Häusergiebel rauschten und unten, unter dem Eisenwerk fahren Wagen, gingen Leute. Solch ein Bauwerk, und wie unterhaltend ist es, darauf zu reisen. Wir sehen allerart Leute, reich und arm, klein und gross, und wir können uns einen sehr guten Begriff des Leidens und der Armut machen, welche in den grossen Städten gefunden werden. Aber in der Verwirrung bemerken die meisten Leute es nicht.

Zum Beispiel: auf einer Bank sitzt ein schönes Fräulein, das wirklich eines der „Mädchen von heute“ ist, welches an nichts ausser an sich selbst und an ihre Kleider denkt. Sie trägt ein modisches Kleid, dessen Aermel so gross sind, dass sie damit ihre Nachbarin beinahe von der Bank stösst. Dann sehen Sie nur, wer ist ihre Nachbarin? Eine arme, lahme Frau, welche vielleicht nichts zu essen gehabt hat. Ihr dünnes Kleid ist ganz zerrissen, und in ihr Gesicht haben Zeit und Kummer tiefe Runzeln gegraben. Dies gibt uns eine Idee der Leute in grossen Städten.

Es würde zu lang nehmen eine Beschreibung all der kleinen Begebenheiten meines Besuches in New-York zu machen, aber die zwei oben erwähnten Sachen und auch die Brooklyner Brücke und der Central Park waren mir am wichtigsten.

Der Tag für unsere Abreise kam nur zu bald und mit grossem Bedauern stiegen wir in den Zug. Ach! Unsere glücklichen zehn Tage hatten ein trauriges Ende, denn fünf und zwanzig Meilen vor unserer Stadt wurde der Zug aufgehalten und wir hörten, dass ein grosses Unglück Charleston zugestossen sei. Ein Erdbeben! Man kann sich kaum vorstellen, wie diese Nachricht aufgenommen wurde, sie war so unerwartet und so schrecklich. Die Berichte waren natürlich übertrieben, und nur als wir die Zeitungen erhielten, wurden unsere Herzen leichter, und wir konnten dem Himmel unsern Dank darbringen, dass es nicht schlimmer gewesen war.

Es war spät eines Nachmittags, als wir an unserem Bestimmungsorte ankamen. Es ist unmöglich die Freude auszudrücken, welche uns erfüllte, als wir wieder einmal mit unseren Lieben zusammen waren, welche in grosser Gefahr gewesen, aber durch Gottes Gnade uns erhalten geblieben.

MARIE WAGENER.

Grison.

Il y avait une fois, pas si loin dans le passé, un Américain qui demeurait avec sa famille dans la Chine méridionale. C'était un missionnaire, très haut de taille, très grave, aux yeux sombres et perçants, mais avec une étincelle d'humeur au fond, et un cœur assez grand pour contenir tout le monde. Comme il était missionnaire ce n'aurait pas été dans l'ordre naturel des choses qu'il fût doué d'une surabondance des biens de ce monde; mais c'est une conclusion raisonnable qu'il était béni de beaucoup d'enfants. Autour de sa table se rassemblaient de jeunes branches d'olivier, qui montaient peu à peu en hauteur, de Warner, le bébé, jusqu'à la "grande sœur," Pauline, qui avait atteint l'âge mûr de dix ans.

Or, ce bon missionnaire devait faire beaucoup de voyages dans les environs avec seulement ses pensées pour compagnes. Cela devint monotone, après un certain temps, et il résolut que quelques-unes des branches d'olivier devaient aller avec lui, d'une manière ou d'une autre. Mais l'argent n'était pas abondant, quoique les

jinrickshas étaient nombreuses. Et les petits pieds de ses fils et de ses filles étaient trop jeunes et trop tendres pour marcher avec lui dans la poussière des routes chinoises.

Mais "tout vient à point à qui sait attendre." Un matin une solution de la difficulté se présenta dans la personne de Grison.

Grison était un mulet, patient, humble et lent, l'idéal réalisé d'un mulet. Il avait le poil gris moucheté, exactement une teinte qui recevrait toute la poussière de toutes les routes en Chine, et n'en montrerait jamais un grain. Ses yeux étaient bleus et profonds, avec des pensives ombres dans leurs profondeurs, et pas un signe de méchanceté. Ses oreilles étaient molles et lustrées, et diminuaient gracieusement en la plus artistique des pointes. Les enfants poussèrent un cri joyeux quand ils virent Grison. Et le missionnaire se frappa l'épaule (métaphoriquement), et se dit, sotto voce: "Tu as bien fait, mon garçon."

Mais c'était bien que son génie d'invention n'était pas épuisé, car il dut l'employer encore une autre fois. On amena Grison à la porte, sellé et bridé, prêt à porter un voyageur.

Mais *qui* serait le voyageur?

"Je suis l'ainée," annonça la "grande soeur" Pauline. "Certes, je suis celle qui doit monter Grison la première!"

"Non, moi! Moi, je désire aller d'abord! Laisse Palmer aller avant les autres!" Et, au danger imminent de sa petite jupe à l'écossaise et de sa blouse blanche, le fils et héritier s'assit par terre, éleva sa voix et se mit à pleurer.

Nettie resta tranquille, regardant Grison d'une expression résignée, sans espoir à cause de son état de "petite sœur."

Le bébé Warner, trop petit pour comprendre, étendit ses petites mains, et murmura, "Ah, gou!"—ce qui était la plus forte supplication en son pouvoir.

Les enfants des missionnaires ne sont pas toujours meilleurs que ceux d'autrui, après tout. En vérité, quelquefois, ils sont —même—un peu—*pires*!

"Eh, bien!" dit le père, "alors *aucun* de vous n'ira!" et à sa propre surprise et perplexité, on reconduisit Grison ignominieusement à l'écurie.

Mais le missionnaire n'avait pas l'intention de perdre ses compagnons à cause de leur propre nature non-régénérée. Un peu plus de solitude dans ses promenades servit d'aiguillon à son

imagination, et, une seconde fois, on amena Grison à la porte. L'amélioration dans son apparence excita des exclamations de joie de chaque enfant de la maison, et leur mère faillit mourir de rire.

Sur le dos de Grison il y avait une selle—mais *quelle* selle ! Grison tourna ses oreilles en arrière et envoya des regards inquisitifs vers sa nouvelle décoration ; puis, il baissa la tête en résignation muette. La selle alla presque de ses oreilles jusqu' à sa queue, avec des accommodements pour trois enfants. De son côté pendaient deux paires d'étriers. Pourquoi il n'y avait pas *trois*, ce n'était difficile à deviner. Les robustes petites jambes de Palmier étaient trop courtes et grosses pour atteindre l'étrier ! Il ne fallait pas longtemps pour établir Nettie et Palmer et Pauline sur le dos de Grison.

Les voilà partis dans la plus grande gaîté,—une drôle de procession. D'abord marche Ken San, le domestique chinois, ses yeux d'amande pleins d'intelligence et d'expectation méchante. Puis Grison, avec sa charge joyeuse et bruyante. "Père" ferme la marche, fier du succès de son invention, fier de son propre génie, fier de chaque individuelle branche d'olivier.

Ce fut un homme sage qui dit : "La fierté précède la chute." Mais, en ce cas, la fierté marchait dernière dans la procession, et la chute—! Eh, bien, voilà Grison qui secoue son oreille gauche malignement, élève ses sabots haut dans l'air, et verse chacun de ces enfants précieux dans la poussière.

"Père" oublie sa fierté et sa dignité, pousse un cri effrayé, et s'élance tout d'un coup, justement en temps pour saisir Palmer et Nettie au vol, un tas trémoussant de bras et de jambes. On laisse la pauvre petite Pauline prendre soin d'elle-même. "Voilà ce qui vient d'être l'aînée !" se lamente-t-elle d'un tas de poussière au milieu de la route. Et Grison la regarde sardoniquement, et dit, "Y—a !"

Ré-établis, ils partent de nouveau.

"Eh, bien ! des accidents *doivent* arriver !" dit le missionnaire. "Tout ira bien *maintenant*."

Mais ses mots sont coupés par une autre élévation de sabots, une autre vue d'un chinois fuyant queue en l'air, et un autre éparpillement d'enfants sur la surface de la terre. Cette fois, les

efforts de "Père" sont en vain, et chaque enfant se trouve au milieu du grand chemin.

Grison élève sa voix dans un méchant braiment de satisfaction : "Tu fis mieux, vieux garçon !" se dit-il, fier de ses exploits.

Et le missionnaire s'assit dans la poussière à côté de ses enfants, et rit, rit, rit !—

ELEANOR FAIRMAN PRESTON.

Le Roi Des Montagnes.

"LE Roi des Montagnes," par Edmond About, est un des romans les plus intéressants et les plus connus du dix-neuvième siècle.

Edmond About est originaire de la Lorraine, étant né à Dieuse en 1825. Il fit ses études au Collège Normale, et puis, fut envoyé à Athènes, à l'école française.

C'est pendant ce séjour qu'il étudia les moeurs et les traits caractéristiques de la Grèce contemporaine, remplissant son âme des beautés incomparables des paysages de l'Attique. La plupart de ses oeuvres lui furent inspirées par ce voyage, mais écrites à Paris, où il faisait part de la rédaction de "la Revue des Deux Mondes." Il écrivit aussi pour le théâtre, et fut un journaliste très apprécié, fondant lui-même en 1872, un journal appelé "le XIX Siècle," existant encore aujourd' hui.

Des inimitiés religieuses, politiques et littéraires ne lui ouvrirent les portes de l' Académie, qu' en 1885, peu de temps avant sa mort, qui fit une brèche dans les rangs de nos écrivains les plus considérés.

Pendant les années qu'il passa en Grèce, E. About s' intéressa surtout au brigandage, et il nous en a donné ses impressions dans ce livre charmant, le "Roi des Montagnes."

C'est en forme d'une petite historiette, que raconte à un professeur français un jeune Allemand, qui vient de passer quelque temps à Athènes.

Pendant une promenade, Herr Hermann Schultz, notre héros, rencontre Mme. Simons, une dame anglaise et sa fille; tous

les trois sont enlevés par des brigands et conduits dans les montagnes, où ils sont tenus captifs jusqu'à l'arrivée de leur rançon.

Les deux Anglaises s'enfuient par une ruse, mais le pauvre Schultz est forcé de rester avec les brigands, car il n'a point d'argent pour se libérer. Mais grâce à sa faculté d'observation, il croit avoir trouvé le moyen de s'échapper par le lit d'un petit ruisseau dont il détourne le cours. Malheureusement il est repris, et on va le tuer.

Justement à ce moment arrive un garçon qui apporte une lettre de M. Harris, un ami américain de Herr Schultz. M. Harris, ayant appris le malheur du jeune Allemand, pour rendre la partie égale, s'est emparé de Photini, la fille de Hadgi-Stavros, "Roi des Montagnes" et chef des brigands, que son père fait élever à Athènes.

Il n'y a pas beaucoup de caractères dans le livre, mais ceux qu'il y a sont tracés d'une main de maître. L'introduction est naturelle, fine, et agréable. On aime le vieux docteur, qui est si bon, si simple, si crédule, mais qui a néanmoins beaucoup de sens commun, comme nous le voyons dans la lettre d'investigation qu'il écrit à son confrère d'Athènes. On ne sait que dire de l'Allemand. Il est l'Allemand du "Journal Amusant," l'Allemand comme l'imagine le Français, mais qui n'existe pas.

Et c'est de même avec tous les autres caractères. Ils sont les types des autres nations, d'après la peinture de l'esprit gaulois. L'Allemand, comme héros, est irrésistible, et, cette création démontre le "humour" de l'écrivain. On n'admire pas l'homme, mais on l'aime, et c'est un Allemand si français, qu'on ne peut qu'entrer dans l'esprit de Monsieur About et rire et pleurer à son commandement.

Le livre est tout rempli de verve et d'entrain français, mais c'est dans les caractères de Madame Simons et de la charmante Mary-Anne, que cela se voit le mieux. Madame Simons est l'Anglaise idéale, et Mary-Anne est celle à qui on pense quand on prononce ce nom. Elle est jeune, fraîche, toute charmante, toute en opposition avec la pauvre Photini, timide, gauche, et aussi disgracieuse que son nom.

Hadgi-Stavros est, je pense, le caractère le plus fort du livre,

et on l'admire autant qu'on le craint, ce vieux barbare. C'est un Ulysse moderne, mais il a aussi un peu du Hercule.

Monsieur Jean Harris est le vrai "Yankee," et c'est très remarquable comme About a saisi l'esprit et les caractéristiques nationales de tous ces personnages.

Le climax du livre est, il me semble, quand Madame Simons nie sa connaissance avec Monsieur Hermann Schultz, et s'enfuit avec Mary-Anne, la petite espiègle, avant qu'on puisse le lui présenter.

La conclusion est comme le réveil subite d'un rêve, et c'est le point le plus artistique du livre.

MARY FORD WINSTON.

Quelques Remarques sur "Le Barbier de Séville,"

PAR

BEAUMARCHAIS.

NOUS sommes une classe de neuf jeunes filles qui, pendant les sept ou huit mois passés, ont étudié le cours prescrit pour la troisième année de français à l'Augusta Female Seminary.

Avec beaucoup de plaisir nous avons lu les chefs-d'oeuvre de Corneille, de Racine, de Molière, de Beaumarchais, et de Victor Hugo, mais nous sommes un peu partiales au "Barbier de Séville" par Beaumarchais. Peut-être est-ce que le nom de cet illustre auteur trouve dans notre cœur une place sympathique, parce que nous nous le rappelons comme celui d'un des hommes qui ont aidé "la jeune Amérique" dans ses efforts pour gagner son indépendance; peut-être est-ce que nous nous intéressons à étudier la fine intrigue de la pièce et que nous nous réjouissons à voir la gaieté, la verve et l'esprit de son style littéraire.

Quelle que soit la cause, "Le Barbier de Séville" est notre choix. C'est une comédie qui, avec celles de Molière, tient sa place parmi les meilleures de la langue française. Elle réfléchit l'esprit du temps en France immédiatement avant la révolution. Elle porte aussi une forte empreinte de la personnalité de Beaumarchais. Ici "le style est l'homme". Tous les caractères sont bien tracés et sont une image parfaite du trait caractéristique qu'ils désirent démontrer.

Mais ce n'est pas pour moi d'entrer dans les détails à propos de la charmante Rosine, du rusé Figaro, de Bartholo, du comte Almaviva et de Don Bazile. Chacune des autres jeunes filles va dire à son tour ses impressions sur le personnage qui lui est échu en partage

HALLIE OGLE.

* * *

Figaro est le génie inspirateur de la comédie, et c'est uniquement à l'aide de son habile adresse et de ses adroites ruses que le comte surmonte tous les obstacles entre lui et Rosine. En vérité le barbier Figaro est un excellent représentant du tiers état français, plein de bon sens et de ressources, à l'imagination fertile et au cœur dévoué.

De nos jours, dans un pays libéral un tel homme aurait pu s'élever aux plus hautes positions, mais dans la France de ce temps, où pour faire carrière il fallait être noble, il était obligé d'essayer de tous les métiers, même de celui d'auteur dramatique, sans être dûment apprécié dans aucun. En désignant Figaro comme le caractère principal de sa comédie, Beaumarchais montre clairement qu'il défend les droits du talent contre les prérogatives de la naissance, et c'est pour cette liberté de pensée qu'il est beaucoup admiré.

Les aperçus de Figaro font passer dans les scènes un charmant sans-gêne et une frappante originalité. Il est joyeux et spirituel, toujours à temps pour secourir où il y a du danger, parvenant toujours, par la force de son audace et de sa vivacité, à dégager ses amis des plus mauvais pièges. La philosophie de sa vie est d'être toujours gai, si non de cœur, du moins en apparence, car il dit, "Je me presse de rire de tout, de peur d'être obligé d'en pleurer."

VIRGINIA ALBY.

* * *

Rosine est une demoiselle d'extraction noble, très belle et, comme toutes les Espagnoles, d'un tempérament fort vif. Restée orpheline très jeune, elle se trouve malheureusement sous la tutelle d'un vieillard étranger à l'amour.

Franche, confiante, "faite pour aimer" et aimable, une telle

personne peut-elle vivre sans amour? Elle découvre bientôt qu'elle a un adorateur, mais inconnu. "Seule, enfermée, en butte à la persécution d'un homme odieux, est-ce un crime de tenter à sortir d'esclavage?" Est-ce un crime qu'elle trompe son tuteur pour apprendre qui est ce jeune homme? Elle montre son innocence par sa ruse même, toujours si transparente que son tuteur peut facilement la pénétrer. Est-ce que nous sommes surprises que Rosine réponde à l'amour du seul être dans le monde qui paraisse l'estimer? Mais son amour est modeste, et voyez comme il est vrai et désintéressé. C'est Lindor, le simple bachelier, d'une naissance obscure qu'elle aime, et non pas le Comte Almaviva. Et comme elle est généreuse! Le Comte, devenu son fiancé, désire punir le vieillard, mais le cœur de Rosine est trop plein pour contenir la vengeance.

Laissons-les donc à leur bonheur, puisque la jeune fille "faite pour aimer" a enfin trouvé son amant.

MARGARET E. FINLEY.

* * *

La partie sentimentale de la pièce est concentrée en le comte Almaviva. Il est un grand d'Espagne, un homme vraiment grand. La futilité de la vie de cour ne pouvait le satisfaire, il avait un grand désir pour quelque chose de plus noble. Ayant vu Rosine, il sut donc, que le bonheur pour lui "était dans le cœur" de cette belle femme.

Son sentiment pour elle était loyal et vrai, et ses desseins purs à tout égard. Il résolut de gagner son amour sans l'influence de quelque motif intéressé, pour soi-même seulement.

C'était ce but qui entraîna le fier comte à devenir apparemment le parent de Figaro. C'était une grande concession, mais elle nous révèle son vrai caractère. La facilité, avec laquelle il joue ses différents rôles, trompant même le rusé et soupçonneux Bartholo, est véritablement remarquable. Personne ne pouvait reconnaître en le soldat ivrogne le suave et sérieux maître-à chanter.

L'énergie, la détermination, la générosité et la politique, ces caractéristiques inestimables d'un homme, se trouvent en lui. Enfin ses efforts sont couronnés de succès et il éprouve le plaisir "d'être aimé pour soi-même."

CARRIE DIGGS.

* * *

Les sentiments les plus profonds de Beaumarchais sont représentés dans les différents caractères de notre pièce. C'est pour cette raison que "Bazile" est si intéressant ; en lui, l'auteur dépeint son amertume contre cette force diabolique, la calomnie, par laquelle il avait tant souffert lui-même. Dans son entretien avec Bartholo au second acte, Bazile nous donne un des plus remarquables passages du livre ; cette description qu'il fait des moyens subtils et fins que le calomniateur emploie pour détruire sa victime, est d'autant plus forcible, qu'elle est exprimée à moyen d'une métaphore tirée de la musique.

C'est étonnant de trouver des traits si infâmes dans une âme qui connaît et ressent les inspirations de l'art. La musique n'a pas élevé son niveau moral.

Son caractère est un exemple de la bassesse de ce vice, l'amour du lucre, s'il n'est pas restreint par d'autres considérations ; pour cela nous trouvons toujours Bazile du côté le plus profitable à sa bourse ! Vraiment Bartholo et Bazile sont des âmes-sœurs : l'un complète l'autre. Toutes les mauvaises qualités qui manquent à Bartholo se trouvent en Bazile. Tous deux ensemble font un chénapan parfait !

Mais nous sommes heureux que Bazile et son digne compère aient échoué dans leurs mauvais desseins, grâce à l'amour et l'argent de "Lindor," à l'affection de Rosine pour l'inconnu, et à l'adresse de Figaro.

HELYN WINSTON.

* * *

Bartholole, tuteur de Rosine, est un caractère très péculier et amusant. Il semble toujours devancer les projets d'autrui pour les déjouer, et se défie de tout, mais en même temps le Comte à l'aide de Figaro le trompe entièrement.

Son observation des détails est grande ; il découvre que Rosine a écrit une lettre parce qu'une feuille de papier manque, et que la plume est tachée d'encre. Il est un vrai homme du monde qui a dû avoir des aventures lui-même, car il semble savoir tout ce qu'on fait et pourquoi ; mais son goût n'est pas bon, jugeant d'après sa manière d'agir pendant la célèbre leçon de musique : il s'endort d'abord et puis chante une chansonnette bien triviale. La manière dont il traite ses domestiques est peu en-

gageante et montre son injustice. Il n'est pas un fin intrigant ; tandis qu'il observe les bagatelles, les plus importantes choses lui échappent. La principale cause qu'il soit malheureux n'est pas qu'il manque d'esprit, mais qu'il est du mauvais côté. Quoique le caractère de Bartholo soit bien dessiné, il n'est pas entièrement original ; car presque toutes les comédies classiques contiennent un vieillard qui, comme Bartholo, prétend aimer et épouser une belle jeune fille, mais qui à la fin se contente de l'argent sans la demoiselle.

MARY O. HAW.

* * *

Enfin nous ne négligerons pas de parler de *La Jeunesse*, de *L'Éveillé* et du *Notaire*. Quoiqu'ils ne jouent pas un rôle aussi important que les autres caractères, leur apparence ajoute au *Barbier de Séville* des scènes fort comiques, fort amusantes. En ce temps c'était ordinaire pour les auteurs de rendre leurs pièces plus drôles en donnant à leurs personnages les noms les plus opposés à leur caractère.

Ainsi Beaumarchais appelle le vieux domestique *La Jeunesse* et le garçon qui est accablé de sommeil *L'Éveillé*. Ces domestiques sont les victimes infortunées de l'artifice de Figaro, c'est pourquoi nous avons pour eux une certaine compassion.

Mais Beaumarchais fait de cela une scène très comique : Bartholo les réprimande et l'un ne fait qu'éternuer tandis que l'autre baille incessamment. Le notaire lui-même est un personnage très important après tout, car à quoi bon seraient tous les desseins, tous les projets du comte pour la main de Rosine, s'il n'y avait pas un notaire pour les unir.

MARIE EMBRA MORTON.

* * *

Pour apprécier pleinement un ouvrage littéraire, on ne doit pas seulement considérer la personnalité de l'auteur, qui s'y révèle, mais il est aussi nécessaire de remarquer l'influence des affaires du siècle, dans lequel il a été écrit, et en quoi consiste sa popularité.

Cette œuvre de Beaumarchais reflète tous les abus, toute l'injustice et la partialité dont la France avait souffert sous le règne de Louis XIV et de Louis XV. On sentait encore le lourd

joug de leurs oppressions, mais personne n'osait formuler ses plaintes d'une manière si ouverte, si franche.

C'est en exprimant ces sentiments que Beaumarchais, toujours intrépide, se montre un vrai génie, et pour la première fois depuis le règne de Louis XII, il transforme le théâtre en un agent politique. Sous le voile de la plaisanterie, il lance de poignantes satires contre toute la classe privilégiée, "qui a seulement pris la peine de naître." En parlant de la justice, il nous montre la façon de penser d'un roi absolu : "De la justice ! Je suis votre maître, moi, pour avoir toujours raison."

Il caractérise la corruption des tribunaux en faisant dire à Basile : "Dans les cas difficiles à juger, une bourse d'or me paraît toujours un argument sans réplique."

Mais la meilleure leçon qu'il donne à son temps vient de la bouche du Comte Almaviva : "Les vrais magistrats sont les soutiens de tous ceux qu'on opprime."

Dans la dure école de l'adversité l'expérience avait enseigné beaucoup à Beaumarchais, mais c'est vraiment ainsi qu'elle l'avait rendu capable d'inscrire son nom à jamais dans l'histoire de la littérature du monde.

Désirée L. Franklin.

* * *

Pour finir notre revue de cette pièce si pleine de beauté et d'esprit, regardons en arrière et résumons les pensées et les opinions qui nous sont venues en lisant l'ouvrage de cet admirable poète français.

Quelques-uns des meilleurs critiques ne l'ont pas placé à la tête de la littérature comique en France, mais l'ont appelé "le plus grand auteur après Molière." Mais il nous semble, après avoir goûté l'éclat et la vivacité de son style, et après avoir tant admiré la belle manière dans laquelle il a esquissé ses caractères et développé l'intrigue, que cela est un très faible éloge et que notre poète doit prendre une place égale au moins à celle de Molière. Non seulement qu'il y a beaucoup de scènes et beaucoup de caractères dans "Le Barbier de Séville" qui peuvent être comparés très favorablement avec les meilleurs dans "Les Femmes Savantes," mais il y a d'autres dans lesquels la supériorité de Beaumarchais apparaît très clairement.

De plus, les deux pièces que nous venons de nommer, ont eu un effet si différent sur la nation elle-même. "Les Femmes Savantes" furent écrites seulement contre "la manie du bel esprit," et la satire a bien accompli son but, en faisant rire des profondes études et du langage bombastique de ces bas-bleus. Mais il serait impossible d'énumérer tous les vices et tous les abus que Beaumarchais a exposés dans sa comédie. Il a tenu un miroir, pour ainsi dire, à toute la nation, et il y a réfléchi, sans merci, les fautes des juges, des magistrats, et du roi lui-même.

Ce n'est pas seulement donc, comme poète, que Beaumarchais s'est rendu cher à ses compatriotes, mais comme homme noble et comme citoyen patriotique il sera toujours admiré par tous les vrais Français.

NANNIE W. McFARLAND.



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LET your gaze be kindly as it rests upon these pages. Judge not ill of us, for we are yet young and have not learned in the school of Experience to avoid the faults which your eye may see as it peruses our missive to the world. With all our failings, we are still merry school-girls. If you, O Reader, have once been an inmate of this old "Academie," perhaps our little paper may come like a message from "ye olden time," when, with arms filled full of books, you wearily climbed the Covered Way and with a sudden cry of gladness between the words of your Latin, French, or History lesson, you said: "Only five more weeks of school, old girl; only five more weeks of school!" Is it a stranger who looks at me with cold, unfeeling gaze? Try and get acquainted with us, for we are sure you would then judge more kindly.

We regret very much to say that Miss Shattuck and Mrs. Nellis will be with us no longer. Short has been their stay in

our midst but great will be our loss when they are gone. The memory of their gracious counsels will ever be fresh in our hearts. They carry with them the very best wishes of all the school-girls.

While the whole ANNUAL is intended to represent the work done by the two Senior classes in Literature, yet the first four essays represent especially the critical study of the masterpieces which has been done both in and out of class. The work in class consisted of a careful study of the selections with the help of annotated editions. A thorough understanding of the work in hand was required and points of interest were discussed with a view to developing originality of thought, and a ready expression of opinion. The work out of class was done in connection with the compositions and consisted in reading the essays of the ablest critics and writers on English Literature. In addition to this, collateral reading has been required.

This is a little sketch of some work of this year. We have put much care in the preparation of our ANNUAL, but if it brings any joy to the hearts of our friends, we shall rejoice that its mission has been accomplished and that we have re-kindled the true, deep love for our Alma Mater.



News From the Old Girls.

Kemper Peacock is traveling in Europe. She has been abroad for several months and is having a delightful time.

Sue McQueen is taking a special course at Mrs. People's in New York City.

Page Nelson is enjoying herself at home, and is said to be very popular in Selina society.

Charlye Wheatley visited Mary White and Carrie Wiley this winter in their charming southern homes. We hear she is coming to the Seminary soon on a visit. Mary Osborne also visited Mary White and was charmed with Savannah. Mary and "the eight little Whites" seem to be having a gay time at home.

Loula Matthews was made her *début* in Fort Smith and is quite a belle in society there.

Lou Robertson visited Staunton, and while here, we saw her several times.

Laura Dale is a dignified school-mistress this year. She is teaching in a boarding school in Alabama.

Mattie Whealtey, Estelle Fitz and Maggie Belle Roller spent Christmas with Berta Macateel. Berta is having a delightful time at home this winter.

Lennie Hawkins is attending school in Columbia, Tenn., this session.

Ella Moore was married last fall and is enjoying married life in Texas.

Alma Black visited in Richmond this winter and was quite a belle while there.

Janie and Boydie Faulkner paid a short visit to the Seminary and were as full of fun as ever. They are represented this year by their younger sister, Sallie.

Ellen Pancake visited Davidson, then went to see Julia Alexander and later came to the Seminary. We enjoyed having Ellen with us ever so much. There is nothing so charming as talking of the fun we "used to have."

Mary Irwin is at home, and is still the same bright lovable Mary she always was.

Minnie Chaffee is to be married in April or May. We wish her much happiness.

We hope that while Nola Beaman is having such a pleasant time at home, she will not neglect her music which used to afford us so much pleasure.

We were all deeply distressed to hear of the death of our much beloved school-mate, Nola Lane. Nola was a great favorite in school, and her sudden death was a shock to every one.

Eva Bowe has been visiting Roselle Mercier, whose devotion to "Midget" is well remembered by many of the girls.

We hear Musette Newson is coming to the commencement. She will receive a hearty welcome from all her friends.

Helen Knox was married last fall, and from all reports is very happy.

Woodie Johnson is enjoying Pine Bluff society.

Irvie Easley spent a week at the Seminary and we enjoyed seeing her very much. She is as full of life and fun as ever.

Keeve Clark is attending a fashionable school in Baltimore. Mary Belle has made her *début* in St. Paul.

Louise Street is married, and is said to be exceedingly happy in her new home.

Lotta Savage is thinking of attending Commencement this spring. We hope she will come.

Mary Capehart paid us a short visit this winter. She has two cousins here now, Charlotte and Mary McCulloch.

Nell Burnett has added her name to the matrimonial list. She has been married about a year and is living in Kentucky.

Florence Roney had Louise Forsythe and Julia Alexander with her for some time this winter.

Fay and Irene Taylor are both at home, and of course are having a delightful time.

Mary Penn visited Bessie Hancock in Richmond last fall. Irene Leshar intends visiting Bessie during vacation.

Ann Lilley was married last fall. She visited Mattie Wayt this winter and we caught a glimpse of her.

Ida May Taylor has been visiting nearly all winter. She has been to Kansas City, San Antonio and other places.

Edith Wallace writes to us once in a while. She is very happy in her home at Yorkville, S. C.

Marcia Searles is enjoying society in Stillwater. She is the same bright cheerful Marcia she always was.

Fannie and Lizzie Newman are teaching this year. We hear that Lizzie has made quite an "impression" on the principal of the school in which she is teaching.

Mamie Gilliam visited in Georgia last fall and is now in Richmond.

Mary Northrop, who was called home on account of her brother's death, is still at home.

Madame Rumor says that Bessie Henderson is to be married some time in the near future.

Vienna Fitzpatrick is at Ward Seminary. We hear that Nellie Steele is there also.

We have occasional glimpse of Bessie See's bright face when she comes to Staunton. Ruth is teaching this winter.

Effie Gilmer is to be married some time in May. Eliza intends leaving in time to attend the marriage.

Annie Singleton is at the University of Florida this winter.

Mary McIlwaine had to leave school on account of bad health. She is now in Philadelphia.

Anita Sacridier has been visiting in Canada. She is missed a great deal by the "Brick House" girls this session.

Edith and Gertrude Crump were back for a while this session, but they had to leave on account of Gertrude's health.

Julia Aunspaugh is teaching again this year.

Marriages.

- Lizzie Firor—Mrs. Trimble, Catlettsburg, Kentucky.
- Neal Roberts—Mrs. C. V. Edmonds, Louisville, Kentucky.
- Eula Kate Brown—Mrs. C. H. Tuttle, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Antoinette Rotan—Mrs. Frederick Peterson, Waco, Texas.
- Corinne Smart—Mrs. P. L. Knox, Pine Bluff, Ark.
- Marie Thomas—Mrs. J. L. Perry, Farmdale, Ark.
- Elizabeth Hanger—Mrs. L. E. Chalenor, Alleghany, Penn.
- Annie Lee Patteson—Mrs. John Stott, Staunton, Va.
- Louise Street—Mrs. F. S. Thompson, Galveston, Texas.
- Bertha Bear—Mrs. Sam Roseman, Pensacola, Fla.
- Mattie Willis—Mrs. R. B. Eggleston, Louisa county, Va.
- Wallace Moore McBrayer—Mrs. M. W. Bartlett, Lexington, Kentucky.
- Frances Davant—Mrs. J. D. Pickard, Guyton, Ga.
- Minnie Chafee—Mrs. G. H. Squire, Augusta, Ga.
- Helen Knox—Mrs. J. T. Bradford, Pine Bluff, Ark.
- Ella Moore—Mrs. W. C. Corbett, Moulton, Texas.
- Mary Burleson—Mrs. Carlos Bee, San Antonio, Texas.
- Daisy Ferguson—Mrs. F. G. Harrington, Helena, Texas.
- Kate McCarthy—Mrs. E. P. Chamberline, Atlanta, Ga.
- Lucy Tabb—Mrs. R. T. A. Mason, Hampton, Va.
- Sallie Owen—Mrs. T. M. Hunter, Darien, Ga.
- Kate Mott—Mrs. J. H. Smith, Tallassee, W. Va.
- Mary Agnes Drake—Mrs. B. T. Childress, Terrell, Texas.
- Hattie Jones—Mrs. O. B. Mayer, Newberry, S. C.
- Ida Regena Caldwell—Mrs. W. P. McFaddin, Huntington, West Va.
- Sarah Elizabeth Beall—Mrs. Grayson Burruss, Hagerstown, Maryland.
- Mary McCreery—Mrs. J. T. Melton, Columbia, S. C.

We know what we are
But know not what we may be?

WELL,—well—well! How this does bring back old times! It has been a long time truly since we “Senior Literature” girls joyed and wept together! And how we loved that dear (?) old class! No labor was too difficult for us, such was our insatiable thirst for learning; even Browning was shallow and Milton transparent. What a promising set we were! This is how we conquered the world.

This reminiscent mood was brought about, dear sisters by a very unexpected event which recently occurred. You all know I do not often indulge in amusements of a theatrical kind—having a decided leaning towards a more serious and spiritual disposal of time—but how could I help it when in reading this morning’s paper I saw the following article:

World Renowned Actress!
Performed before all the Crowned Heads of Europe.
Unparalleled Ability!
Now acting at the “Jolly Friars.”
Come Hear, See and Be Conquered!

I went! Happily for me, a good seat in the “bald-headed row” was to be had. The curtain rose, the orchestra began and the sweet notes of the new song now so greatly the rage—“After the Ball” pealed forth. With the last strains, the prima donna appeared before the breathless audience—when I recognized—do I dream? No—Annie Riddle! I knew no more; having immediately lost consciousness, I was carried from the house. Nothing but my strong constitution enabled me to sustain the shock.

Last night my sister urged me to accompany her to hear the now famous lecturer on Evolution, Miss Sally Lane! I have very little to say on the subject, however. I suppose she was very good even though her ideas are probably a little too advanced! I don’t go in for such things to any extent you remember, girls, for I am a little inclined to attribute these new, and what some call *scientific* theories, to workings of the Evil Spirit!

(Sally is the same wild, reckless, twentieth-century looking girl she used to be at the A. F. S.)

The journals all over the country are full, as every one knows, of eulogies on the famous second Trilby—you remember, girls what a rush Trilby had in "Sky High," those many years ago? Well, Bessie Peck proved that there do not exist persons—rarely of course—with a volume of voice like Miss O'Ferral possessed, and she is electrifying audiences all over the country. Her name I verily believe will become a household word—a part of our English language—such is her fame and her hold on the hearts of her countrymen!

Tuesday last, having some speculation to make, I decided to attend one of the semi-weekly seances given by Madame Eiseb Ekralc Renwarb, a noted mind reader, trance medium, etc., to be consulted on matters of business; she traces missing friends, gives advice as to how to regain lost affections, strengthen broken hearts. It was with fear and trembling that I entered her mysterious chamber and approached her majestic form! A long white veil covered her face, and blue smoke filled the darkened room. Having stated my business I dared to raise my head and look at her. Where had I seen that lovely hand before? What indefinite recollections did she bring to me? Where, oh, where had I seen that blue frock? Suddenly a piercing shriek rent the air, I found myself locked in the embrace of—well, to make a long story short, my spiritualist turned out to be none other than my old next door "Sky High" neighbor,—Bessie Clarke Bawner. She had recognized me by the black gown I was wearing.

To show she still had regard for me and valued old friends, she presented me with free tickets to her seances, enabling me to communicate with the old "A. F. S." girls, free of charge, whenever I so desire. In consequence, I have lately enjoyed many pleasant chats with them.

I have a sad tale to relate to you. You remember Annie Allen, (a sweet girl,) never showed any especial attachment to the scene of her school days—therefore, you will all be astonished to hear that having entered a convent in Georgia a few years ago, some said from a broken heart, she shortly afterwards pined away and died, and all for longing for Staunton, dear Staunton! Can you solve this mystery, girls?

Berta Mae Crisp has fulfilled the prophecy of her youth, in one respect. She has married a Methodist minister! Berta always said she would, she was so fond of them! (Weren't you, Berta?) I had a letter from her recently telling me how happy she is in her married life, what a lovely family she has and how her chief delight is to get up early in the morning and go slumming in one of those "dear little slums" abounding in and about Americus! Then she is president of many societies and is very much loved by the poor and needy of her district. However sad to relate, she cannot afford a cook! This is truly distressing.

The one old friend of whom I have been unable to secure tidings, is Bessie Richardson. The last I heard of her was when the Bill for "Transportation of Negroes" was passed and Bessie decided that her vocation was to share the fate of her dusky fellow creatures. It was with sad hearts that her friends bade her farewell. Every one was down to see her safe on the steamer bound for Africa! The negroes seemed very fond of her and she was to be given a high position in their new dominion. I last saw her leaning over the ship's side. This picture has always remained imprinted upon the tablet of my memory—only one bright spot to such a dark background. And she steamed away! And her friends wept! The future looked gloomy—meanwhile the days passed on!

Miss Carrie Atwater is now a valued member of the A. F. S. Faculty and takes an animated part in the Monday night Teachers' meetings." She is very fond of her occupation and is an honor to her Alma Mater.

The shining and tell-tale diamond which Ruth Tredway used to wear on her third left, has been a true prophecy of her future life. I received a letter from her the other day, and she seems to be very happy.

Mattie Bickle has distinguished herself in the bicycle line. She makes a tour of the world, I believe, in thirty days,—is celebrated for her grace, agility, and the cut of her suits, which are said to be imported from Paris! We all intend to go to the Park next week to see her ride.

But girls—listen, we have raised one politician in our midst

unawares! You know now, since the late "woman's suffrage" bill, there have been many female candidates for "Speaker of the House." Well, Blanche Shanholtzer was the successful lady and now she astonishes the natives in Washington by her "silver-tongued eloquence, Delsarte gestures, and majestic bearing!

Any one visiting Richmond will be sure to hear of the famous character, Florence Cabell—the "Bachelor Maid" of that city. Always possessing a manly appearance, she is now one of the swellest bachelors there and has magnificent apartments in the "Jefferson." She is a jolly companion and a thoroughly good fellow.

I have purposely put off speaking of Hallye Ogle, dear girl, because I hate to be the first to relate to you the sad history of her life; but the truth must be out, be it bitter or sweet! It is true that I had noticed with pain even before I had left school, that all was not as it should be with the poor child. And now, what do you suppose? You remember the lunatic asylum not far from Green Hill? There is where our poor Hallye (she spells her name so since she has become a lunatic,) is buried forever in the living death of a maniac's cell. I passed sadly down the corridor recently on my visit to the building, and, as I neared her iron-barred cage,—along with mutterings and sputterings of the most aggravated kind, I caught but one word, repeatedly and vindictively shrieked out, and that one word was "Shaw!" "Shaw!" They say she lost her reason not long after that final examination.

I was at the Atlanta Exposition! Weary with walking around and about sight-seeing and finding myself near the "Congress of Beauties," I determined to step inside and take a rest. There was very little, I thought, to be admired or noticed in these "beauties," except as was the experience of Don César de Bazan, I saw women—blue, red, yellow, green, black, etc. Unconsciously I was carried along by the surging crowd, until I found myself near the throne of the "prize" beauty. A slight curiosity to see this wonderful creature prompted me to draw nearer. The ebony-skinned lady sat majestically gazing over the crowd of admirers with a far-away look in her dusky eyes, as if longing for a sight of her native island. I felt sorry for the poor creature and bent a sympathetic glance upon her face; she noticed me, and instantly a deep red blush surged from ear to ear!

Where oh where before had I seen that ebony skin, and that rich red blush? Surely it recalled old school days—old friends. I did not betray my secret and no one has ever known until now that I had it in my power, to disclose one of the greatest fakes ever perpetrated on a credulous public! The thousand dollar prize beauty from Ceylon was none other than dear old Lucile Sheffield. That blush, it gave her dead away!

HELYN OVERTON WINSTON.

As I was driving through Central Park, the other day, my attention was attracted by a poor creature bent with grief, who was standing under a weeping willow tree moaning piteously. I called the coachman who immediately reigned in the horses, while at the same time I beckoned to the woman to approach. As she did so, I thought her peculiar limp and awkward carriage reminded me of someone I had seen before; but what was my surprise when, as she raised her sad face to mine, I recognized our old friend Helyn Overton Winston. Her story was a sad one. She was blind. Incessant study by candle light at the A. F. S. had ruined her eyes. Her musical voice, which formerly made the old Seminary walls ring with its joyous song, was now hoarse and indistinct and her lips were drawn as if in pain over her toothless jaws. Her torn and soiled garments bespoke her utter poverty. What had wrought this change? The same old story. Continued study had deprived her of her eyesight and spiritualism had undermined her once active intellect, so that at times she raved like a maniac.

* * *

Several weeks after this *rencontre* I noticed the following article in the morning paper:

"Found dead in No. 1596 45th Street, a woman with the initials "H. O. W." tatooed on her left arm. Her apartments were utterly destitute of food and it is thought she died of starvation. The board of charity should send relief to this part of the city as there are many about to suffer the same end."

H. O.

Social News.

THE whole time of the young ladies of the A. F. S. is not given to study for "Feasts, Concerts, Soirées, etc., fill up spare hours and make holidays very enjoyable. We hope that an account of some of these entertainments will be interesting to our friends.

The invitation extended on November 10th by the Social Committee of the Y. W. C. A. to all the friends of Mother Goose and her children was received with delight. At 8 o'clock we went to the Chapel where each girl was given, for a souvenir, a card on which was painted a character from Mother Goose. When all had arrived, Mother Goose appeared and called forth each of her accomplished children to entertain us. Jack and Jill were there with their pail of water, but they were fortunate enough not to fall down the hill, and Daffydowndilly, too, looking sweeter than ever before in her yellow gown. Jack jumped over his candle stick and King Cole charmed us with his fiddlers three. Little Boy Blue made love to Bopeep and all the interesting family from the King of Hearts to little Jack Horner did all they could to amuse us. We left more charmed by Mother Goose and her family than we had ever been in our childhood days.

Among the most enjoyable social events of the past session were the feasts given by Misses Mary McCulloch and Clara Rieke in their handsome room on the upper floor of Brick House. All too soon the merry moments flitted by and the guests vied with each other in their efforts to do justice to the dainty viands placed before them. They all departed with words of praise on their lips for the charming hostesses, carrying away with them many pleasant memories of the evening.

Thanksgiving day approached, that time of the year in Seminary social circles,

"When cards, invitations and three cornered notes,
Fly about like white butter-flies—gay little motes
In the sunbeams of Fashion."

And still all those who were fortunate enough to be invited, found time to gather between four and five in the spacious apartment of No. 55 Frame House, in response to Miss Estelle Jones' invitation. Many were the dainties spread before the guests, but particularly enjoyed were the clams, crabs and oysters, which fresh from the deep waters of the Chesapeake Bay, reminded us of the blessing an old Puritan father was wont to repeat: "He hath given us to suck the abundance of the seas and the treasures hid in the sands."

About 10 o'clock a. m. the following invitations were sent to about forty girls:

MISS MARIE WAGENER,

At Home.

Nov. 29th, 1894.

4.30 p. m.

Those who were so fortunate as to receive one of these invitations spent the intervening time in impatient waiting for the appointed hour. All of their expectations were more than fulfilled when at last the hour arrived. Flowers and fruits made the spacious apartments more beautiful than ever, and the tables groaned beneath the weight of the elegant refreshments. Swiftly the hours flew by until at last the guests reluctantly departed, voting Miss Wagener a most charming hostess and the feast one of the most enjoyable of the season.

Rivalling all the feasts of the year in jollity and abundance were the 5 o'clock dinners of Sky High during the Christmas holidays. They really began at 10 o'clock Monday morning when the expressman came. As John labored up the long flights of stairs with the first box he was hailed with shrieks, growing more enthusiastic, as our olfactories, made keen by long abstinence, recognized the odor of some loved dainty exhaling from the cracks of the box. All rushed to the room of the happy receiver and seated on the floor generously aided her in unpacking the delicious home provisions. Salad, turkey, jelly, candy, potted meats—which were immediately locked in trunks for a time of famine—followed in rapid succession. Our favorite kinds of cake were there too, and we enjoyed these all the more when we thought of the loving hands which had made them, that they might be the more delicious for us. Oh, what a luxurious feeling to sit down on the bed and look about the room, every space filled with things to

eat—no more starvation for at least two weeks! Every room was visited in the same manner and in one place or another was found every dish known to the chef de cuisine of Delmonico's. We "skipped" supper and prepared for a grand dinner. The preparations would doubtless seem strange to our mothers, but they will be familiar to old school girls. We rolled the bed into the middle of the floor, spread it with towels and then arranged the "festal bed (board).)" Everything ready, we donned our evening gowns, without which no one is ever admitted to a gathering of the "Four Hundred," and seated ourselves about the loaded table prepared for pure enjoyment. The only obstacle in the way was a lamentable deficiency of silver ware and china. Indeed our table was not decorated with a single piece of the former, but May's tin spoons answered the purpose. There was one hand-painted china plate of which we were very proud. The various mugs and iron-stone saucers which were gathered together just supplied the guests. Yet we know that there was never a more beautiful sight than that banquet, and we sat at the table as many hours as we had ever sat at luncheon or dinner.

The next night the performance was repeated with the same success—the same faultless viands and serving. But imagine our remorse when told that Mrs. Boone had opened her heart and had regaled the school with chicken salad. Of course we had chicken salad, but the fact that we had missed the grand occasion of seeing *chicken salad* on those red-covered tables heretofore sacred to rolls and preserves was what "made our only woe." The enjoyment of those banquets was not only temporary. Will a Christmas ever pass when we will not think of our good times together that Christmas vacation? They will always be among our brightest recollections, and more substantial sentiments will cluster about our old dried wish-bones than ever clung to a "faded flower." Years hence, when we gaze upon the old bone our imaginations can easily draw the outline of a large, brown roast turkey. We shall recall our joy at first spying it, our bliss at first tasting it and our regret at seeing it vanish with our happy vacation. But with these happy recollections will come the more serious thought—that our school days are also past and gone.

Just after the holiday gaieties, Misses Isabel and Frances Simrall gave a "Peanut Party" to a number of their friends. When the crowd of girls reached the room their delighted eyes saw in the cen-

tre of the room a large table loaded with everything a school girl loves. The Misses Simrall were assisted in receiving by Miss Ogle and Miss Stoddard. Each girl found on the table a dainty little card to which peanuts were tied. After several hours of thorough enjoyment, they bade their lovely hostesses good-bye, wishing that half past nine didn't come so quickly when they were having such a pleasant time.

On Washington's Birthday came another welcome holiday.

On that night a very prettily arranged feast was given by Miss Florence Hastings in the French class room to a large number of her friends. Some of the guests were attired in Colonial dress.

Miss Nellie Hawxhurst,
At Home.

Feb. 22, 1895.

7:30 P. M.

The many friends of the fair hostess assembled to perpetuate the memory of the "Father of our Country" in regular school girl fashion—by eating and drinking. The room was tastefully decorated with engravings from "Puck" and "Judge," while the soft lights shed a mellow glow over the many fair faces. Miss Hawxhurst assisted by her room-mate, Miss Jones, dispensed the bounties heaped upon the table in the middle of the room. A fact especially to be remembered in connection with that evening was the tardiness of a guest who, contrary to her usual custom on such occasions, only appeared as the last course was being served, but let it be remarked, it was not her fault and after she arrived she made up fully for the moments lost.

The same night a German was given in the Gymnasium. Only a few couples were present, but it was thoroughly enjoyed. The German was gracefully led by Mr. Belle Lanier with Miss Martha Wheatley. Those present were Misses Sheffield, Saunders, Wheatley, Felder, Hawe, Frances Simrall, Beamon, and Brawner. Messrs. Kearby, Stoddard, Simrall, Ogle, Andrews, Lanier, Crisp and Winston.

The hospitality of Miss Carrie Crawford has entitled her to a high position among the society leaders of the A. F. S., but on no occasion has it been so well shown as on the evening of March 7th, when, in response to her invitations, her numerous friends assembled at her charming apartments in Main Building.

The refreshments were served by the hostess in her usual graceful style, assisted by her grand-mother, a general favorite among the girls. Fragrant cocoa was served in dainty china cups with souvenir spoons and the half-past nine o'clock bell tolled the knell of parting before full justice could be done to all the dainties.

One of the swellest entertainments of the year was the "Red Tea" given by Miss Berta Mae Crisp. Tables were placed around the large rooms and beautiful flowers filled every available space. Dainty refreshments consisting of chicken, sandwiches, pickles, olives, cakes of all kinds, fruits and delightful chocolate were served. The china, painted by the hostess, was exquisite. Miss Crisp is an ideal hostess and was entrancingly lovely in a dainty pink gown. This Tea will be long remembered as one of the most enjoyable events of the year.

The hearts of the girls were made glad on the morning of April 16th by Miss Baldwin's announcing that there would be no school on that day. About ten o'clock, carriages came up and Miss Baldwin took the whole school for a drive. The day was beautiful and a drive was never more enjoyed. The girls will always remember it with pleasure and we can never thank Miss Baldwin enough for the pleasure she gave us on that day.

We girls have heard of numerous feasts given by the teachers. As we were never present at one of these we cannot tell from experience, but we know the teachers must enjoy these gatherings as much as the girls do.

Several pleasant trips have been planned for Spring Holidays. Among them is one to Natural Bridge and one to Weyer's Cave.

On May 3rd there will be a Recital given by the graduates in Music and Elocution. We are looking forward to this with much pleasure.

BESSIE CLARKE BRAWNER.

Sketches.

"Come see rare compounds of oddity, frolic and fun,
Come relish a joke and rejoice in a pun."

Motto of class '94-'95:—"Much study is weariness to the flesh."

Lament of a young gentleman on seeing the change in his sweetheart's appearance after one year at boarding school:

Oh Isabelle! my darling!
When we were first acquaint
Your locks were straight and glossy,
Your brow was free from paint;
But now your face is changed, dear,
Your hair all burned and frizzy,
But blessings on your tousled head,
My dearest Bella Lizzy.

Oh Isabelle! my darling,
We climbed the hill together
And money a canty day, dear
We've had wi'ain anither;
But now your heels too tall are
Your ways too proud and high
You don't pronounce your "r's," dear,
I really wish you'd try.

Mary, looking at the bust of Cupid—"Oh girls, isn't this a sweet picture of Shakespeare when he was a baby!"

Riddle:—Why is M. D. like Hamlet?

Ans.—They both wished that their "too solid flesh would melt."

In translating a portion of Ruy Blas the other day, H— came to this expression: "Des clerics, des écoliers doux comme des moutons." which she unhesitatingly translated, "clerks, scholars sweet as muttons!"

Miss D—: “Can you tell me when Voltaire lived?”

L—: “In the fifth century.”

Miss D—: “Where is the river Lethe?”

Pupil, (eagerly,): “In India.”

One of our number is very anxious to know the personal history of Mr. *Circus Maximus*. We have not as yet, been able to furnish the desired information.

Why is an “A. F. S.” student like Dona Maria de Neubourg, reine d’Espagne?

Ans.—Because neither “doit regarder à la fenêtre.”

Wanted:—A new apparatus to compress the “surplus of gas” in the laboratory.

SCENE I. Four young ladies, four wicked smiles, eight twinkling eyes.

SCENE II. Four young ladies, a candle, a box of sardines, a box of olives, two hair pins, a tooth mug, the hands of a clock at twelve.

SCENE III. A teacher, a scowl, a tap at the door.

SCENE IV. Four young ladies, eight downcast eyes, four turned up lips, three hours in “office,” fifty lines of *Paradise Lost*, twenty-five demerits.

Moral:—Girls be more careful next time and tack a shawl over the key-hole.

Miss W:—“Reba do you know who created the disturbance in Study Hall last night?”

Guilty Reba:—“Yes, Miss W—, but I don’t like to tell on the girl.”

Query:—What is a teacher’s favorite mood?

Answer:—Imperative.

What is a pupil’s constant mood?

Answer:—Subjunctive—(implying doubt as to what next to expect.)

I.

Solemnly, mournfully,
Dealing its dole;
The six o'clock bell
Is beginning to toll.

Go light your candle,
Don't shut your eyes tight:
Toil comes with the morning
Rest's gone with the night.

Cold run the chills
And quenched is the fire;
Arise! Frail humanity!
Cease spiteful ire.

A voice from the next room,
A noise in the hall;
Sleep yields to duty—
Lessons reign over all.

II.

The work is completed
Books closed with the day;
The hands that have practiced
No longer shall play.

Dim grow the sounds,
The pianos are still;
The sardines are ready,
Eat then thy fill.

Laughter sinks into whispers,
Ghost stories are told;
Shawls hang on the windows,
Will youth e'er grow old?"

But lower—still lower—
See the candle! Fly about!
Go to sleep quick, girls,
For fear you're found out.

Wanted by Mary H. a strong bottle in which to seal her "youthful effervescence."

Shining Light:—"Honey, please translate this piece of French poetry by Cicero before the three o'clock bell rings.

Miss D—: "Can you tell me what is the thought in these few lines?

'Let us not always say
Spite of this flesh to-day

I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole! "'

B——. Oh yes'm! It means that you shouldn't be spiteful.

Miss S——. What did Holmes write?

Sue H——. Homer's Iliad.

Sallie, as we all know, has an extensive English vocabulary (in her pocket,) but the best of us are liable to make mistakes. On one occasion she informed the Senior Literature Class that Goldsmith's style was clear, lucid and "*idiotic*," (meaning full of idioms.)

A few particulars concerning a young lady:

Her age. *Young.*

Her nationality. *Scott.*

Adjective often applied to her. *Smart.*

What she was accused of being. *Swift.*

How she felt on holidays. *Gay.*

Why her companions feared her. She was—*Armstrong.*

What her father was. *Taylor.*

What her sweetheart was. *Goldsmith.*

What she called her sweetheart—(Her Bert.) *Herbert.*

What her sweetheart looked like. *Longfellow.*

What her father said to her sweetheart one wintry evening.

Chaw sir? *Chaucer.*

What the sweetheart replied—(The) *Dickens.*

Where she drew her water to make her father's coffee. *Southwell.*

Standard used in weighing her flour for bread—(Mill ton.)
Milton.

Where her father spent his Saturday nights. *Lodge.*

Where she raised the Christmas turkey. *Barnfield.*
 Where she made her money—(Coal ridge.) *Coleridge.*
 What institutions she endowed. *Holmes.*
 Favorite article of diet. *Crabbe and Lamb.*
 Favorite fruit. *Saintsbury.*
 Favorite retreat on a rainy day. *Dryden.*
 Favorite colors. *Brown, Green and Gray.*
 Favorite bird. *Peacock.*
 Favorite occupation. *Hunt.*
 Favorite head-dress. *Hood.*
 Constant cry ("More.") *Moore.*
 Why she was so happy—Prayed. *Praed.*
 To whom she confessed her sins. *Pope.*
 What she revered. *Whitehead.*
 Where she spent her vacations. *Somerville.*
 What made her sick? *Oldham.*
 Through what means she met her death. *Burns.*
 Where her tomb stands. *Churchill.*
 Where her lover weeps. *Brooke.*

Miss D—. What is a courier?

C—. "A sort of vegetable."

"What is 'sweet Marie's' favorite flower?"

Ans. "Daisy."

What is Helyn's favorite adjective?

Ans. "Famous."

Miss D—. "From what source is the familiar quotation?

'To rob Peter to pay Paul' taken?"

Pauline. "The Bible."

Miss D—. "Who said, 'O! death, where is thy sting, O grave, where is thy victory?'"

Pauline. "*Pope.*"

Results of an actual vote:—

Prettiest girl in school. Helyn Overton Winston.

Smartest girl in school. Eleanor Preston.

Second smartest girl. Mary Winston.
Most accomplished girl in school. Marie Wagener.
Second most accomplished girl. Jessie York.
Third most accomplished girl. Pauline Du Bose.
Most popular girl in school. Marie Wagener.
Second most popular girl. Fay Kearby.

Personal Pointers.

In a seminary, not far away,
Where many girls live day by day,
You'd be surprised to see at five,
The maids like bees come from the hive.

Among the girls is one named "Faylie"
And you can hear her always, daily,
On old "*Sue Rhodes*" so sweetly play
At "Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-a."

Another is a girl named Daisy,
And she with love is almost crazy.
In study hall at Marie she looks,
And never has her mind on her books.

Marie W. is very true,
She's tall and stately, wears a small shoe.
She's loved by one, she's loved by all
Who often stop to pay a call.

There is a room at old "Hill Top,"
Which ere you reach, you have to stop
Where Jane and "Sal" and "Tidley" dwell
With "Grandma" in their little cell.

In Brick House, on "Swell Hall"
There is a girl who's very tall
This girl's name is Nannine Waller,
You know, she wears a-velvet collar.

Little Annie Allen with her hair in a part,
As every one knows, is Nannine's sweetheart,
And oh! what sights we always see,
After breakfast, noon and tea.

At the table every one will sit and wait,
For Josie to take the last bite on her plate,
Then Mrs. Boone taps the dear little gong,
Which during the year sings many a song.

Eleanor Preston, so smart and sweet,
She it is we love to meet,
For whether in joy, or pain, or sorrow,
She'll say, "All will be right on the morrow."

There is a girl whose name is "Sue,"
And this dear girl is very true.
Her beaming face, we love to meet,
In church, in school, or on the street.

But this is a girl the boys all dread,
And pay their calls to others instead.
For EVERY DAY in envelope of yellow,
She receives a letter from a certain young fellow.

M. L. R.



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